

# THE CLASH OF WORLD FORCES

A STUDY IN  
NATIONALISM, BOLSHEVISM  
AND CHRISTIANITY

BY  
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*Published also in Danish and Swedish  
and in America*

LONDON  
EDINBURGH HOUSE PRESS  
2 EATON GATE, S.W.1  
1931

*Printed in Scotland*

## PREFACE

### *In Mid-Atlantic*

As I write, we are on the high seas—very much so. The ship's log for two successive days has recorded: "A whole gale with very high and dangerous seas."

The tempest is hounding our ship across the Atlantic. The waves are sweeping over the stern, and have driven the crew who sleep there to cabins amidships. In addition, a deep sidelong swell keeps her drunkenly lurching. There is much of grandeur and beauty in the clamour and surge of the turbulent waters. But there would be terror—sheer, bleak terror—if a hand were not on the wheel and the captain on the bridge controlling the course by the leading of fixed stars toward a desired and destined haven. Indeed, for two terrible minutes last evening, when the boat reeled dizzily as though she would capsize and great trunks were slung like matchboxes across cabins, we knew what could come upon us when the wheel was wrenched from the seaman's hands, which is what had, in fact, happened.

. . . . .

This experience is a parable of the turbulent world situation, a part of which this book tries to envisage. The barque of humanity is being scourged by tempestuous nationalist and racial passion, while the cross-swell of Bolshevism makes man's existing civilization—Asiatic as well as European and American—reel.

There is something of terror amid all the grandeur and wild beauty of this contemporary human scene. Indeed, there is sheer horror in the merciless impersonal violence of these titanic forces that beat upon humanity. There is horror unless man is ready to put his barque into the hands of a Navigator who sails by the fixed stars of eternal values and whose grasp on the wheel no gale can conquer.

The author has tried to describe only some of the forces that are in conflict, leaving aside others with which he had already dealt,<sup>1</sup> and others which he may hope to try to envisage later. Even the forces of nationalism, Bolshevism, and mechanistic civilization that are here dealt with are only described in their action in Europe and the two Asiatic lands of India and China, as well as in Soviet Russia. All America and Africa, and great ranges of Asia and of the British Dominions, are hardly touched.

As it is, the range of the areas surveyed is so vast, and the complexity of the forces described is so bewildering, that it has been necessary to omit unnumbered illuminating details in order to keep the outline of the book even relatively clear. Without the extraordinarily patient co-operation of a long-suffering group of friends who have acted for many months as advisory and editorial colleagues in its preparation, its defects would have been more numerous and obvious than they are.

BASIL MATHEWS

<sup>1</sup> See *The Clash of Colour* and *Young Islam on Trek*.

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*First Published February 1931*  
*Second Impression, June 1931*



# THE CLASH OF WORLD FORCES

## CHAPTER I

### MEN AND NATIONS

#### I

A BULLET crashed through the glass of the Belfast tramcar in which I was seated and spat splinters of brick from the street wall. That Sinn Fein bullet, although, physically, it missed my head, remains embedded in memory as a symbol of the irresistible yet not always well-directed vehemence of the spirit of nationalism in the world of to-day.

I did not loiter to collect the bullet as a memento, or to interview the young nationalist whose finger pulled the trigger. But it would have been of interest to discover what inspired his action : to see the Furies of Revolt who goaded him to take up a rifle for Ireland and fire it from a bedroom window down a side street, and the Goddess of Freedom who called him to risk his life in doing so. How could he disentangle the heroic from the sordid in his ambition, and the stupid from the intelligent in his argument ; and find out what was the pure flame of ideal action and what the blinding, choking smoke of bravado and mob-frenzy ?

To see all this would open a window into the hearts of millions of men and women in every continent who were then, and are now, burning with nationalist passion. In them there is a volcanic force that must expand or explode. That Irish youth with his Sinn Fein creed incarnates the turbulent religion of nationalism, which, both in conflict and in co-operation with its rival creed of Bolshevism, is subverting or creating across Europe and all Asia.

To-day the nationalist and the Bolshevist devotion of youth—in some cases adoration is not too strong a word to use—is directed toward men, sometimes of really heroic build, who embody for each one of their followers the ideal to which their loyalty is given. Let us look swiftly around this modern pantheon and ask how these men hold as willing captives the soul of youth and call out heroic sacrifice for an ideal.

When we have looked at them—at Gandhi and Ibn Sa'oud, at Masaryk, Mustapha Kemal, and Mussolini—we can perhaps get closer to the heart of these mysterious forces, this love of nation or of class, which these men at once inspire and incarnate. We can then ask what is a nation, and why love of it will call millions to live and die for it; and why this passion for Communism is a consuming fire in the lives of millions. We can ask at last whether these forces have in them such eternal values as can make a foundation for a new world order and give men the power to build it.

In this chapter we shall first glance at two picturesque figures, in order to give background to our

preliminary enquiry into the meaning of nationalism, reserving the others for treatment in later chapters.

. . . . .

"A shrimp of a fellow, as thin as a lath," is the irreverent description given by a British official of the man who commands the adoring allegiance of many millions of Indians as saint and sage and, above all, as the express image of the soul of India. For the official's sentence, the first half of which is quoted above, concludes: "Gandhi carries three hundred and twenty million men with him. A nod, a word from him is a command; he is their god."

Wearing a hand-spun and hand-woven loin cloth, Gandhi goes bareheaded and usually barefoot. His two meals a day are of ground nuts and rice, with fruit and a little milk. A bed, a row of books, and a low desk are all his furniture. Gandhi is neither intellectually brilliant, eloquent, nor statesmanlike. Yet his power is over all India and is persistent. He has no "airs." He jokes with his friends and radiates light-hearted happiness equally in his tiny home or in conference or in prison. He not only admits but proclaims his errors, giving them world-wide publicity by his penitence, and boldly reminding us of them in his new autobiography. As he moves along dusty paths from town to village and home to his *ashram*, the multitudes crowd round him, trail after him, sit silent for hours waiting for a word from his lips. Mothers bring their babies for him to bless, and boys put their foreheads in the dust at his feet. In 1922, when he

was tried as a criminal, the court rose to its feet in homage as he entered, and the judge whose official duty it was to commit him to prison said : " I cannot refrain from saying that you belong to a different category from any person I have ever tried or am likely to have to try."

Why is it that at this stage in the long history of the Indian peoples, who have had so many saints to revere and have suffered under so many alien tyrannies, Gandhi should be the centre of such passionate devotion ? We shall later<sup>1</sup> examine closely the titanic forces that are at work in India. It is enough here to note that English education, carried out intensively among hundreds of thousands of Indian youths for over a century, has made multitudes burn with a passion for national freedom. That is a new thing in India, and the idea is western in origin. Meanwhile, the economic forces of factory, steamship, railway, and motor car have shaken the age-long economic foundations of Indian life. In other words, in the very hour when the Indian soul is becoming passionately thirsty for freedom and conscious at last of itself as one, it sees on its own threshold and in its own homes and bazaars an impersonal civilization that it is sure spells death to its soul.

Mahatma Gandhi incarnates that new love of country and that detestation of what he calls the "satanic" civilization which, it is feared, threatens to choke the soul of India.

. . . . .  
<sup>1</sup> See Chapter V.

The caravan men lead their camels from near the coast of the Red Sea to the Persian Gulf, over central Arabian mountain and valley, desert and oasis, praising the name of Allah and calling loudly upon Him to give long life to Abd'-ul-Aziz Ibn Abd'ur-Rahman Aal Faisal Aal Sa'oud.

And they mean it.

Before Ibn Sa'oud ruled they paid tribute to bandit tribes, often every few miles, and even then they were robbed. To-day they can leave their merchandise on a dying camel in the desert for days with no guard, and, when they come back with another camel, they find all intact. The watchword of those caravans, the fortress of the tribes, the shield that protects them and their wives and children, their flocks and their herds by day and by night is "the justice of Ibn Sa'oud"—that justice which is like a white flame of energy, a stern, impartial judgment enforcing its commands with a steel will and executing them with a sharp, swift sword. So Ibn Sa'oud's burly, commanding personality has come to constitute a more powerful force in the Arab world than any for the past thousand years, and has welded the divided, raiding Bedouin tribes into an Arab nation.

This wiry, muscular giant, fifty years old, an Arab in the robes of Abraham, mounted on a gigantic red racing camel, is the Arab Sultan of romance. Yet he enforces his commands, not only with the spear-bearing camelry of Mahomet, but with an array of sixty motor cars and a private flotilla of aeroplanes

manned by British pilots. In 1931 he made a contract with Marconi's to establish wireless stations in every considerable town in his dominions. Absolute ruler of the Wahabis—the conservative Puritans of the Arab world—he rides at the head of the Wahabi regiments as his fighting Ironsides. He rules most of the Arab world that lies outside the new kingdom of Irak, the Palestinian mandate controlled by Britain, and the Syrian mandate under France. When the Arab sheikh in Nain or in Amman, in the bazaars of Damascus, or the gates of Jerusalem, asks when the British or the French are going to give independence to the Arab peoples, his eyes lighten and his lips tighten as he thinks of Ibn Sa'oud. Here is the incarnation of Arab nationalism; the man every Arab would like to be and for whom he would be proud to fight.

. . . . .

As we travel across the world we shall meet others in this pantheon of nationalism—Masaryk and Mussolini, Mustapha Kemal and Sun Yat-sen; and we shall, at closer quarters, watch the upheaval of which Lenin was the chief instigator, and the drama in which Gandhi is the protagonist. Through them all we shall certainly see more clearly not only what is the nature of the enthusiasm for a nation, but what are the other great world forces that are so swiftly smashing up the old world; and we shall be able to ask what strength of will or ideas lies in them for rebuilding a new world order for humanity.

## II

The principal rôle of most of these men is or has been to develop a strong self-governing state on the basis of nationality. Historians, indeed, divide mediæval from modern history by the rise of the modern national state in Europe. This was something new in the world. Under the Roman empire all known civilization was within the empire, in which all nations were merged. When Rome finally fell, Europe was a medley of peoples under princes, often warring with one another. Ties were personal—to a family, or the clan, to the feudal chief and to the king; there was but the faintest foreshadowing of the state. The one bond of unity in a continent of villages and manors was the Church. And even that unity was inchoate.

The Renaissance quickened men with a spirit of adventure, which set the heroic pioneers of science to the task of exploring the meaning of the universe, and sent Vasco da Gama and Columbus and Magellan to explore the globe. The Reformation created a spirit of independence; and the Protestant Latin punning tag—*Cujus regio, ejus religio* (whose is the land, his is the religion), was made the basis of a kind of simple nation-building which gave the sovereign of a territory the power to stand, if he would, away from Rome and set up a separated Church.

Still, the nation was more or less the property of the emperor or king who ruled over it. But the French Revolution greatly intensified the national

spirit. This was further inflamed by the Romantic Revival which stirred up the pride of each nation in its common heritage, so that the whole national sense was strengthened and exalted.

The new nationalist movement, however, blazed far beyond the frontiers of Europe. The spirit of nationality tore limb from limb the Spanish empire which controlled the colossal riches of almost all South and Central America. The fact that more states-members of the League of Nations speak Spanish than any other language is eloquent of this large array of Latin republics that used to be outlying parts of the Spanish empire, and now are separate nation-states.

Nationality also began to ferment within the British empire; but the lesson of freedom was learned in that empire after the catastrophic blunder that tore from her the United States of America. From that day onward a process of ever-broadening and deepening freedom was set in motion. To-day all the old British colonies have become self-governing nations. Nor are they by any means purely Anglo-Saxon in blood or in speech. The self-governing dominions, Newfoundland, Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand are bound to each other and to the mother country, in the British commonwealth, by common loyalties, common experiments, common interests and hopes, which are beginning to be felt in the other self-governing dominion, Ireland. All these are units of nations, and even within Britain itself the Scots, the Welsh,



and the English have each distinct nationalities with sharply defined differences; yet they all not only give loyalty to one throne, but claim in the larger sense to be of British nationality.<sup>1</sup>

### III

A quick-minded Anglo-Saxon boy on whom I experimented recently with the question—"What is a nation?"—replied at once: "A people who agree to live together and to obey the same laws." The boy's definition came naturally to an Anglo-Saxon who lives under laws made by representative institutions for which he will have a vote when he is of age. But no Indian or Filipino, or Korean or Indo-Chinese nationalist could have made that definition, for he certainly does not agree to obey the laws made for him by the British, American, Japanese, or French rule under which he lives. He has not had any share in making them. He wants to make his own laws. Multitudes of Serbs, Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Croats, and others under the Austrian empire and the German empire before the war would have refused to accept that definition, for they felt themselves to be nations, although unwilling subjects of an alien law.

What factors, then, combine to make a nation?

Religion plays a large part in creating a sense of nationality. For instance, when Belgium broke away

<sup>1</sup> The relation of tribal Africa to the British empire has been dealt with by the author in *The Clash of Colour*. The relation of Indian nationalism to that empire occupies a chapter in that book and in this.

from the Dutch, the division was, roughly, between the Belgian Catholics and the Protestant Dutch. And certainly Calvinism, and the Church government and education that go with it, have done much to give to the Scots and to the Swiss their strong sense of national separateness. On the other hand, Switzerland is about half Catholic, and half Protestant.

The use of the same language, again, has much to do with creating a sense of nationality. There are, however, a number of nations whose language is English, but who nevertheless maintain their separate nationality, such as the Scots, Irish, and Welsh. The Swiss, on the other hand, are divided into three language areas—French, German, and Italian speaking—yet have a very strong national sense.

Nor is race the basis of nationality. Race is a physical thing. All European and most other nations are of mixed race. Racial purity there is none on earth, save perhaps in parts of China. The blending of races in a nation is probably a source of vigour, giving, for instance, in Britain some fire and speed to a stolid Saxon stock.

Common territory helps to create national feeling. This is one reason why patriotism and nationality are so closely allied. Indeed, of practically all nations it can be said that they continuously occupy a single definable territory. But it is very difficult to deny the title of a nation to the Jews, who are spread all over the earth. Nor can it be said that all peoples occupying common territory are nations.

Again, government is often the creation of nation-

ality and in time strengthens it. But before the war many peoples in Europe and Nearer Asia had a strong national sense who had no government of their own: Poles, Lithuanians, Latvians, Finns, Czechs, Serbs, Croats, Kurds, Arabs, Armenians, and many others who were ruled by the Romanoffs, the Hapsburgs, or Ottoman Sultans. They owned a national loyalty, but felt little loyalty to the government that ruled them. John Stuart Mill, the greatest exponent of philosophical liberalism, said: "It is in general a necessary condition of free institutions that the boundaries of governments should coincide in the main with those of nationalities." That principle has torn up the last great European and Western Asiatic empires, adding a total of thousands of miles of new frontier—seventeen hundred miles in Europe alone. It is to-day setting Britain the greatest political problem that any government has ever faced, that of India.

If, then, we find religion, language, geography, race, law, and government all contributing at times to a sense of nationhood, but none of them capable, by itself alone, of creating a nation, it seems impossible to give any really clear definition of nationality. A people is a nation when it thinks that it is one; not when a section of it thinks so, nor when a small group of intellectuals wishes that it were one, although again and again such a group has helped to create a sense of nationality. That sense of belonging together obviously grows out of the various elements that we have discussed. It is the fruit of

a common heritage of experience and of culture : its roots lie deep in a common past.

This national spirit is not the same thing as patriotism. The etymology alone of that word shows that its centre of gravity is in love of the land on which one was born. Patriotism is a territorial thing. In ancient Greece an Athenian was a lover of Athens ; his patriotism was not national, but civic. Plato, indeed, fixed the limit of the state at some five thousand and forty people. Similarly, the Jew, even in Babylon on the banks of the Euphrates, sang songs that wring the heart to-day with their patriotic longing for the dear native hills and structure of his city—Jerusalem. In mediæval Italy there was a wider patriotism to the region ruled by a prince, like Florence, or by a Doge, like Venice ; but it was still a local, not a national patriotism. The most famous of all patriotic utterances in the English language is full of love and almost worship, not so much of the people, but of the land itself :

*This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle . . .  
This precious stone set in the silver sea . . .  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.*<sup>1</sup>

Or we can take a very modern instance where a new example of this patriotism is growing up under our eyes—the love of Bande Mataram (Mother India) expressed by a heroic twentieth-century nationalist, C. R. Das,<sup>2</sup> better known throughout

<sup>1</sup> *King Richard II*, Act II, Sc. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *Life and Times of C. R. Das*. By Prithwis Chandra Roy. (Oxford University Press, 1928.)

India by the title given him by his fellow-Indians—*Deshbandu*—"Friend of his country:"

I have loved this land of mine with all my heart, from childhood; in manhood, through all my manifold weakness, unfitness and poverty of soul, I have striven to keep alive its image in my heart; and to-day, on the threshold of age, that image has become truer and clearer than ever.

Nationality is an old, old consciousness; Moses awakened it in the Israelites on the banks of the Nile. But nationalism is modern. It is not nationality in itself, but nationalism that is to-day so burning a force in the world. Nationality in itself is often sub-conscious. By many it is taken for granted. But nationalism is self-conscious and aggressive. It comes with something of a shock to realize that the French Revolution, which was the real birth-agony of self-conscious nationalism in the world, created the first national flag. For the first time it made a man a citizen of his nation rather than a subject of his king or emperor. It introduced the first national elementary state-organized system of education, with the development of a single loyalty to the nation and the state as its goal. And the Republic and then the Empire forged the first national journalism as a tool for the patriotic stimulus of the adults who, as boys and girls, had learned to read under the new system of education.

Such symbols and tools are now so universally used to create and to engrave deeply in each individual an intense national consciousness that there

is a real peril that they may create in the mind of the world a fixed stereotype of national character. Nations are personalized as, for instance, "Uncle Sam," or "John Bull." Or they call their boys and girls to pay a regular ritual of reverence to a national document, common to the whole nation, but exclusively theirs—such as the Declaration of Independence in the United States of America, or Sun Yat-sen's will in China. Nationalist movements group their followers by some symbol or clothing, as the Black Shirts of Italy, or the White Cap of Swaraj in India, or by some instrument of their development, as the spinning-wheel of Indian nationalism. Whether the peoples have a fully-grown sense of nationhood or are eagerly developing one, they all alike go back to their early folk-tales and folk-songs. All these methods are used to intensify in the nation its sense of a common cultural inheritance.

The spirit of nationalism, then, is a passionate, undivided, unqualified loyalty to one's own nation. Poets and prophets rise to lyrical psalms of praise, proclaiming their nation as eternal, declaring that in dying for her we truly live, that she has given us birth, feeds and protects us, and that our faith in her mission and our devotion to her destiny is our noblest guiding star. This spirit often rises to lofty idealism; but it also menaces the world's future when the absolute, unquestioning loyalty of its citizens is claimed for the nation, as in the famous phrase—"My country, right or wrong." Such a claim sets the nation above God, makes it say, "I

am Alpha and Omega,"—makes one's own national state the absolute, unchallenged touchstone of all values, and gives its laws an authority above that of the Decalogue. It takes Jesus' commandment—"Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's"—and simplifies it by making Cæsar God.

Above all, this passionate nationalism creates to-day an agonizing, dramatic conflict of loyalties in the life of millions of the youth of the world. Members of the Society of Friends faced it in the war. Among subject-peoples of empires it creates the conflict between loyalty to nation and to state, as, for instance, in an Indian nationalist torn between allegiance to the call of *Swaraj* and to the vast commonwealth of the British empire. For a man or woman with an intense religious loyalty it often creates a tormenting clash. There is the pull, for instance, within a young Chinese Christian toward, on the one side, the universal Church that he has learned to love and in which he has found the most precious things in his life, and, on the other side, to his nation, which in its hectic nationalist clamour derides him—a Christian—as "the running dog of the foreigner." In a Communist youth it creates a very severe, it may be fatal, war between two loyalties—on the one hand to his class across the world, and, on the other hand, to his nation. These differing conflicts of loyalty we shall meet again and again in this book. They go down to the very roots of life, for they call a man to test the ultimate values

by which he is prepared to live and for which he may even be called upon to die.

What are the values at the root of our own national loyalties ?

It would, indeed, be a sharp test for any of our nationalisms, or for the imperialisms that rule subject peoples, to read St Paul's immortal words on love putting "My love of my nation or of my empire" in place of the word "love"—

*Love suffereth long and is kind ;  
Love envieth not ;  
Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,  
Doth not behave itself unseemly,  
Seeketh not its own,  
Is not provoked . . .*



## CHAPTER II

### THE NEW MAP OF EUROPE

#### I

"IN 1914 there were twenty-one political units in Europe, to-day there are twenty-seven."<sup>1</sup>

Those drab statistics cloak the fact, while stating the effect, of a human earthquake that has heaved up the soil of half Europe, rent into fragments its last three empires and brought their thrones in irretrievable ruin to the ground. The untamed force beneath this volcanic upheaval is not a blind, mechanical, insensate thing. It is a personal fire in the heart of millions of men and women who were, when the great war broke out, subjects of the Romanoffs in Russia, the Hapsburgs in Austria-Hungary, and the Hohenzollerns in Germany. That force is nationalism.

All those new political units that increase the twenty-one European states of 1914 to twenty-seven are "Succession States" of the Austrian empire, or are parts broken from the German and the Russian empires.<sup>2</sup> Where there used to be only Austria-Hungary, Germany, and Russia, there are now—on the shores of the Baltic Sea—Finland, Soviet Russia, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania; and thence southward across Europe, Germany, and Poland,

<sup>1</sup> Twenty-eight if we count the Irish Free State.

<sup>2</sup> See map.

Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Jugoslavia, and Albania. Thirteen new republics were created in Europe as a result of the great war ; of these, seven were old kingdoms or empires now drastically reconstructed, and six are entirely new states. The principle on which the new states were set up at the Peace Conference was that each nationality should be free and self-governing, though there are in all of them minorities or other subordinate elements.

## II

One day on the hill above Prague, in the great palace courtyard where Hapsburg rulers of the Austrian empire used to parade in more than imperial pomp, I saw a tall, erect man step out from the shadow of an archway. The high brow, the kingly face, the firm mouth half-hidden by the drooping white moustache, the strong chin covered by a close-clipped beard, gave the instantaneous impression of a ruler. He was dressed simply in black close-fitting riding kit. Putting his foot in the stirrup he swung astride a glossy black horse with an ease that gave the lie to his eighty years. This man was the greatest living European state-builder, Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, the father of his people, builder and first President of the Czechoslovak republic.

As he rode away for his daily hour of exercise, the astounding romance of President Masaryk's career of building a new state for an ancient people ran through my mind. His father—a Slovak—was a

coachman on one of the imperial estates in Moravia, a man who could not write his name. His mother had been a maid in a city house. Their son, born in 1850, caught a passion for learning from his mother's ambitious spirit and a tempered-steel loyalty to truth from his father. In one way and another he learned the Czech, German, Polish, Russian, and English languages.

As a boy he was apprenticed first to a town locksmith, from whose workshop he ran away home, and then to a village blacksmith. Later he became a teacher, and at last, after university studies, a professor, first in the University of Vienna and, in 1882, in the Czech University at Prague. Here he spent his life, with his American wife and his children, until the outbreak of the great war.<sup>1</sup> In his company Slav students from many lands and of numerous national loyalties learned to look down the long avenue of European history and see how the life of a nation grows.

He directed the gaze of his students over five long centuries to the fire that in 1415 consumed the body of the Czech hero-martyr, John Hus, the disciple of the English reformer, John Wyclif. To Masaryk the martyr-spirit of Hus was as fully alive in 1915 as in 1415, the spirit of a man who would not, even at the command of an Emperor or a Pope, say that he believed what his conscience told him was not true. His students contemplated

<sup>1</sup> The story of his life is ably and vividly told in short compass in *Masaryk of Czechoslovakia*, by Donald Lowrie.

sorrowfully with Masaryk the dreadful Battle of the White Mountain, in 1620, when the Hapsburg Emperor passed sentence of death on the Czech nation ; but their shoulders stiffened and their hearts throbbed as they heard Masaryk quote the words of the great Czech educator, Comenius : " I, too, believe before God that when the storms of wrath have passed, to thee shall return the rule over thine own affairs, O Czech people ! "

In the seventeenth century the people's lands and fortunes were seized. The Czechs were forbidden to learn or use their own language. Their faith was condemned. Their three million population was by massacre and martyrdom reduced to eight hundred thousand. On the surface it seemed as though the spirit of the Czech nation had been broken. But at the end of the eighteenth century, when an Edict of Toleration was issued, fifty thousand old Czech Bibles came out of the strangest hiding-places. The thrill of a new hope ran through the Czech people when the French Revolution revealed to them the power of a nation to smash despotism.

Masaryk led his students to read the greatest historian of their nation, Palacky (1798-1876), still called " the Father of the People," who, in his *Idea of the Czech People*, gave moving pictures of the immortal spirit of the nation active on the fields of history, and reiterated the slogan of Comenius that education was the way to triumph.

When the great war broke out in 1914 Masaryk knew that the hour of destiny had struck for his people.

He planned the foundation of a new state. Through that devil's dance of terror and torture he moved unresting from land to land. He won friends in Britain, America, and elsewhere for his ideal, and as lieutenants he had able, heroic men of the calibre of Benes. The Hapsburgs set a price on his head.

Masaryk organized Czech legions in Italy and France, went into Russia, then in the throes of its first revolution, and assembled a legion of fifty thousand young Czechs who had escaped Austrian army rule. He went ahead and blazed a trail for them across Asia from the Black Sea to the Yellow Sea, over the Pacific Ocean and across America and the Atlantic to Europe, and so to the western front ! But before they could follow him, the Armistice had sounded. The Czech Legion, however, was now in being. The Treaty of Versailles established the Republic of Czechoslovakia. The national aspirations of Czechs, Slovaks, Moravians, and others are to-day being woven in that republic into a democratic movement which plays its part with distinction in the international life of the League of Nations.

Masaryk is a nationalist. He is an enthusiastic patriot in the sense of being a man who has given supreme devotion and splendid gifts to the re-birth of his nation and to the creation of a national state. But he would rather never have won freedom for his nation than have won it by lies. To him, moral uprightness and personal freedom are the very foundations of national re-birth. His ultimate aim

within a hundred miles, are three neighbours, each of whom has one of these products in plenty and needs to sell it.

What lies behind these evils as their ultimate cause? What conceivable cure is there for them?

When we think of the Balkans to-day and feel utterly hopeless in face of their divisive and fierce sectionalism, the clan feuds in the mountains, the semi-barbaric elements which clog the wheels of progress, there is no greater corrective than to turn to the history of Scotland, that land where once there raged the fierce feudal strife of semi-barbaric clans. The Scots were caught up centuries ago on the wings of a burning faith in a righteous God and a passion for education; and so they rose to their present position of leadership in the government and the commerce, the religion and the learning of the British commonwealth of nations. What Knox and the educators were to Scotland, Hus and Comenius were to Czechoslovakia. It would seem as though a nation cannot secure unity with the integrity on which alone it can build, unless its individuals have at once an overmastering faith, an educated mind, and a disciplined will.

### III

An entirely different situation greets us, if, running northward, we look at the new post-war Baltic states—Estonia, Lithuania, and Latvia. These have hardly even now got over the surprise of finding themselves free, self-governing nations. Popula-

tions that before the war were largely peasants under Russian despotism or under German landlords—Balts as they were called—are shouldering courageously the task of building solid, peaceful states. Estonia has set an example which, if followed in the Balkans, would greatly reduce the terrible tensions that now prevail: she has given cultural autonomy to her racial minorities. These now have their own schools and freedom for their own religious worship in their own language. Here is the acid test of generous and profound nationalism.

No greater picture of the good of freedom could be unveiled than that of the new life of Finland. Christianized in the twelfth century by an English missionary bishop canonized as St Henry of Upsala, and linked to the West through centuries of Swedish rule, the soil of Finland was already strongly nationalist decades before freedom from the tyranny of Russia came with the 1917 Revolution. To stand in the public garden in Helsingfors before Pastor Runeberg's statue and read his poem *Our land*, is to realize how the poet is in the strictest sense "the maker." Runeberg gave himself with lyrical enthusiasm—like a Baltic Robert Burns—to create a new soul in the Finnish people. He sang of freedom while Russia still ruled.

The fascinating quality of Finnish nationalism today lies in the fact that it drinks from the springs of its own national literature and yet feeds on the best gifts of the world's spirit from other nations. The splendid bookshops in Helsingfors are a revelation



of the radiant growth of authentic Finnish national culture, from its great epic *Kalevala* onwards, which is enriched to-day from the literature, up to the most recent novels, of nearly every nation under heaven. And you may go into the National Theatre and watch Bernard Shaw's *St Joan*. Which of us has not, also, been grateful to Finland as we have listened to Sibelius' music ?

Moving westward we come to a people whose role is as difficult as that of any nation on earth—the Poles. Led astray in earlier centuries by their aristocracy, they lost their freedom when partitioned between Russia and Germany. To-day they are the great buffer state between Soviet Russia and the Teutonic and Latin West. Unaccustomed to responsible government, Poland is giving far too much attention at present to external politics. But she is building up a new industrial life that may transform her by providing a great mercantile and industrial population, where hitherto she has had mainly the aristocrat and the peasant.

#### IV

We have looked, so far, solely at the new map of Eastern Europe which was transformed by the war. There is, however, in the old map that is, politically, almost unchanged by the war, one area where nationalism has blazed up in a roar of consuming flame. This is in Europe. But there is another, paradoxically enough geographically in Asia, but now culturally joining Europe. In each area nation-



alism has found a hero-leader who is the object of the adoration of millions: Mussolini in Italy, and Mustapha Kemal in Turkey.

Mussolini has the build and air of a leader. Taller than most Italians, he has a massive head with black hair brushed back from a high and wide forehead, a large straight nose, black, penetrating eyes concentrated under lowering eyebrows, a large decisive mouth and a chin of quite extraordinary strength. He has two hobbies of which he is passionately fond—the fencing foils and the violin. He rarely smiles; he speaks slowly, and says little; but every word tells, and he speaks without hesitation.

Benito Mussolini is a man of his hands. The son of an Italian blacksmith of violently socialistic views, he was himself a stone-mason. The flame of his father's militant socialism burnt in the boy, and as a youth he spent laborious nights in educating himself. He became clerk to the Commune of Predappio, but he was discharged as "too turbulent," and went across the Alps to Switzerland. So vehement was his socialism there that the Swiss banished him from their borders as again "too turbulent."

While still in his twenties he was made editor of the Italian Socialist organ, *Avanti* (Forward). Then came the war. In Mussolini, as in multitudes of others, it worked a decisive revolution. There was a vehement quarrel between Mussolini as editor of the Socialist *Avanti* and the great body of Socialists. The force of the pro-war tide of feeling in the cities was so great as to sweep away all obstacles and

carry Italy in. Mussolini was soon at the front, and was so severely wounded that he was invalided out of the army.

A post-war Italy in which the greater number of demobilized soldiers were unemployed, in which prices were rising, the currency was suffering a landslide, the debts were enormous, and the public services demoralized, tottered when the tempest of Bolshevism swept upon the world. Passion rose to fury under the conviction that France and Britain had made the Versailles Conference a duet from which Italian diplomacy was disdainfully excluded. The government was discredited. Local government in a number of places was seized by Communists. "Réd Leagues" were formed. Officers and soldiers were insulted, pelted, and thrashed, and called "bourgeois assassins." Strikes broke out like influenza. Factories throughout North Italy were fortified and held by Communists against their owners. The central government was in a state of paralysed impotence.

Fasci (small bands of armed men, mostly ex-soldiers) grouped themselves together almost automatically, "to destroy the chronic infection of disorder." They defended railway stations and telegraph offices, ran the trams in Milan, and opposed strikes. Mussolini, by his superhuman energy, his remorseless drive, his will and vision, as well as his power of decisive, thrilling speech, was the natural leader of this movement, which he, with other kindred spirits, finally moulded into organic unity, as a

private army of young ex-service men in black football shirts, armed with sticks and revolvers. It was decided to march to Rome. Martial law was proclaimed against the Fascisti. The editorial office of Mussolini's new paper, *Popolo d'Italia*, was under siege by the government. At that instant the King of Italy was upbraiding the minister who had proclaimed martial law and (on the initiative, it is said, of his son, Prince Humbert) wired to Mussolini to come to Rome. A few hours later he was the ruler of Italy, and has been so ever since.

The Fascisti always contend, and with reason, that they did not march on Rome to upset a government, but to make one in place of a government that had virtually abdicated. This is not the place for any description of the Fascist state. We can only outline its theory, neither defending nor criticizing it. Beyond doubt it is of profound importance to the future. The fallacy of democracy (the Fascists say) is that it attempts the impossible in trying to build a national state out of atomistic individuals, who only create parties which are struggling, self-seeking, corrupt groups dividing the nation. The true conception is that of the nation as a living ideal unity, an organic body, with monarchy as its symbol, governed by an élite, who will exercise a spiritual leadership capable of grasping, pursuing, and commanding the good of the whole in a way that elections and parties never can achieve. The citizen is at the complete disposal of the state—his watchwords are work, duty, discipline. The aim is not happiness or

leisure or liberty, but labour for the greatness and glory of the nation. The citizen does not, says Mussolini, want democratic liberty; he wants peace, work, bread, roads, water, efficient and punctual transport. For a nation to have self-control it must have a central will with executive power. Better a series of "bosses" than continual debate in the heart of an anarchy. Capital and labour, education and the Church, art and engineering: all the elements of a nation's life must be organized by the central will to create a new organic unity, the cultural state. Even the Church is, in Fascist theory, the state spiritualized. If it is replied that Catholicism is international, the answer is that the Church is Roman, a creation of Italy, which others have embraced. So God, Country, and the Duce are merged in an almost mystical nationalism.

It will be seen that here is a dictatorship as severe as that of Bolshevism; but based on the idea of the nation as above all class conflict, whereas Bolshevism is based on the idea of class above nation. As in Russia, so in Italy, the government controls the whole of the press. As in Bolshevik Russia, so in Fascist Italy, the party controls the government; and two youth organizations precisely parallel to those in Russia are educating the new generation in Fascist ideals—the Balilla, an organization of boys and girls under fourteen that numbers over a quarter of a million; and the Avanguardisti (14-18), from which alone the Fascist Party is now recruited.

The economic structure of the Fascist state

is really syndicalist. That is to say, there are national corporations of different interests—labour (both agricultural and industrial), commerce, the middle and intellectual classes, and seamen—and these create a Federal Italian Union of Corporations. These corporations nominate eight hundred representatives; from these the Fascist Grand Council, over which Mussolini presides, selects four hundred to sit as deputies. So the corporate state is really a synthesis of the productive activities of the nation.

Why have the Italian proletariat turned nationalist and not Bolshevik? Because they have been shown Britain, France, and other nations as capitalist nations exploiting Italy. Their class feeling is thus caught up into the national cause as against exploiting "capitalist" nations outside; all classes are fused in a passionate, mystical adoration of the "nation." Karl Marx said: "Workers of the world, unite"—for a class struggle. Mussolini calls the classes of Italy to unite for a national struggle.

. . . . .

We turn now to the second and parallel national revolution, issuing in dictatorship, that followed the war. The Turkish earthquake finds no parallel in our age, or, indeed, in any age, either for speed or for thoroughgoing transformation. Turkey at the end of the war was bled white and was decimated by pestilence until the population of the entire nation was less than that of London. This beaten and broken people was faced by the armies of Greece, backed by the prestige of the triumphant Allies.

A Turkish agnostic soldier, Mustapha Kemal, with a Parisian culture and German as well as Turkish military experience, called together and mobilized the cowed and beaten Turkish forces. The "Robin Hood" freebooters of the mountains were incorporated into the army and disciplined; the Caliphate army sent against Kemal, being defeated, went over to him lock, stock, and barrel. He created a "National Assembly" at Angora which—after declaring in March 1920 that the Sultan-Caliph was a prisoner of the Allies and that the foreigners were ruling—assumed all the powers, legislative and executive, of government. Outlawed by the Ottoman government of his own country, Kemal, at the head of his motley forces, won a decisive victory.<sup>1</sup> The Greeks were swept out of Asia Minor, in a holocaust in which three-quarters of their forces of a hundred thousand men lost their lives.

A republic replaced an empire. The Caliph, representative of Mahomet, the prophet of God, was thrown out of the land whose chief glory in the world of Islam it had been that it was his home. The degenerate heir of nearly forty Sultans of the family of Osman, Emperor of the Ottomans, "the shadow of Allah on earth," keeper of the sacred cities of Mecca, Medina, and Jerusalem, ignominiously fled. The splendid city that Constantine founded as the capital of the Byzantine empire was thrust aside, and Angora, an insignificant town on the Anatolian plateau, became the capital of Turkey in its place.

<sup>1</sup> August 26th, 1922.

Mustapha Kemal, at the head of the National Assembly, has turned the face of Turkey westward. Two "eastern" trends opposed him: the one was Communist and was inspired by the backing of Bolshevik Russia as against the Western powers; the other was Islamic and hoped for the backing of other Moslems. But Kemal held to his ideal of a westernized, independent, non-Moslem, but purely Turkish nation. The religious organizations of Islam were abolished. The Allah-given laws of Islam were replaced by the Italian criminal code, the German commercial code, and the Swiss civil code. The Roman alphabet replaced the Turkish. As a symbol of the change and a psychological help toward its realization, Kemal changed the fez for the bowler and the cap, and ordered men to wear European clothes. To secure executive action on a coherent plan, he became dictator, and for years the National Assembly simply registered his will. In 1930 he permitted it to begin to discuss projects placed before it. Under his direction Turkey's government has forbidden polygamy and abolished the Moslem separation of the sexes. Incidentally, Kemal Pasha found that the fascination of the fox-trot and the Charleston were more powerful than a hundred edicts in bringing the young womanhood of Turkey out of the harems into open social life.

How has this amazing national renaissance and cultural revolution come upon a people on whom the West has exhausted its vocabulary of derision as changeless, apathetic, fatalistic, and mummified;

and, too, in an hour when that people had sunk into a morass of military defeat and moral defeatism?

The answer surely is that one man of unconquerable faith and courage, Mustapha Kemal, saw Turkey as a new nation, and risked everything to call that nation to stand erect and free, to fling its enemies aside, to throw off the shackles of a rigid fatalistic religion, and to grasp the new miraculous gifts of western scientific civilization.

Born in Salonica in 1881, passionately nationalist even before the war, when he fought against the Sultan in the Young Turk Revolution, Kemal was in command of the Turco-German force that broke the British offensive at Gallipoli. He has essentially the staff-officer's mind, allied to a genius for swift decision, and unbounded courage wedded to vision.

The driving force of the Turkish revolution is a burning nationalism incarnate in a great leader. The clue to its meaning is that the Turkish people have cut the cords that tied them to Asiatic civilization. They have jumped into the motor car of modern material civilization. Mustapha Kemal's hand is on the wheel and his foot is on the accelerator.

From a world point of view this means two transforming things. It means that Turkey has joined Europe. But from another, even more momentous angle, it means that western civilization and its aggressive nationalism have captured the strategic gate of Asia. The Persian and the Afghan, the Arab, the Egyptian, look up from their fields at the swift, triumphant progress of the Turkish nation. These



strongholds of the ancient, immobile East are being stormed by the insurgent forces of twentieth-century nationalism and mechanistic civilization. A new East is shaking itself and beginning to feel its strength. We blunder tragically if we imagine that Turkey has shocked us with the last of the surprises. There are more to come from other lands farther east.

## V

We have seen Europe to be divided into twenty-seven states, and all of these have their sharp and interesting differences. Each has a soul of its own; otherwise it could not be a nation, nor could it have any distinction of life. But has Europe as a continent a soul? If so, what is it that makes Europe one under all the ravines of religion and culture with which it is riven?

When we talk of European civilization, do we mean something distinct from anything else in the world? When a European tries to trace the flowing river of life in that continent back to its different tributaries, he finds at least four of these streams flowing from different mountain ranges. First, the stream of free government, the sense of beauty, the technique of art, the way we look at the meaning of the universe, drew its first life and is still fed from the philosophy, the drama, the sculpture, architecture and statecraft of the Greeks. From the Roman empire, Europe has drawn the discipline of ordered government expressed in laws. Science and mathematics owe more than we normally

recognize to the culture of Mesopotamia and Persia carried by the Arabs and the Moors through Spain into Europe. Above and beyond all, Europe has been leavened by the moral standards and the consciousness of God that the Hebrews gave to the world, and by the reverence for human personality and the moral and spiritual quickening that the life and teaching of Jesus Christ have mediated through His disciples in all ages. Through the centuries Europe has worked these elements into a spiritual heritage. She used the craftsmanship of the cathedral builders and the chivalry of the Middle Ages; she was enriched by the Renaissance passion for adventure and beauty, and for exploring the secrets of our planet and the meaning of the whole universe; she was deeply changed by the subsequent fight for liberty and for the rule of reason that the French Revolution inaugurated, and, lastly, she has grown swiftly by her new control over the physical forces of nature that our age of industrial revolution and of invention has brought.

What, then, is at the heart of that spirit which all those things have conspired to create? Is it not an invincible, determined will to sustain the spiritual and moral values that lie in a sense of personal responsibility? Europe has always in the long run refused to let the material dictate terms. Will she continue to do so?

Europe has for centuries known herself as the mother of progressive civilization and discovery. To-day, however, she sees herself surrounded by

four titanic federations of incalculable power, all of them candidates for world primacy.

First is the British Commonwealth, covering a greater part of the earth and embracing a greater number and variety of subjects than any rule that exists or ever has existed. Second stand the Americas, Northern, Central, and Southern, which Europe believes to be merging into a Pan-American Union through the overwhelming economic strength of the United States. The third federation is the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, the colossus of the class-war which looms so large and so near to Europe. And behind it is the fourth—Asia—which, whether under the leadership of Japan, or of a re-nascent China, or of the Bolshevik regime, Europe sees as a possible political and a certain cultural rival.

No wonder that the phrase used for the first time by Victor Hugo as long ago as 1848—"the United States of Europe"—is now a subject for the daily paper and the café. For Europe sees not only her world leadership threatened. She sees what is, for her, far more tragic—the life of her very soul menaced. For myriads in Europe it looks as though the only economic hope of the continent is that which will slay her real self. "The crime of Europe," cries M. Gaston Riou in *Europe, ma patrie*, "would be to be Americanized; to have lost, in order to live, the reason for living; to have betrayed the deepest values, to have preferred matter to spirit; to become, in a word, dehumanized." In every capital of Europe you will hear discussions of the peril to

European culture of what Germans call "Americanism"—a spirit found intensified also on the east in the Bolshevik deification of the machine.

It is difficult to sum up the cause of this fear in a single phrase. But we are perhaps closest to it when we recall that the most precious thing in the world to the European is the creation by the individual of something distinctive—an idea, or a thing, whether a dress, a piece of furniture, a vase, a symphony, or a house, with a quality of taste, a sensitiveness to beauty, an expression of personality that are all its own. Millions of Europeans, rightly or wrongly, associate America with the death of all their own distinctive culture. They fear that it will be swept away and drowned under a Niagara of "mass-production." Mass-production, they say, means uniformity, not only in factories, but in universities; not only in Ford cars, but in ideas and even in the personality of the individual. And the mass man with a mass-mind, they feel, is the most dreadful of all enslavements for the soul. Behind and before these enemy forces reach the invisible fingers of finance. Poverty-stricken European states are driven to float loans on the American market. Inevitably their political freedom is affected.

Many Europeans feel, too, that the sacred citadel of personality is being attacked more subtly, but as poisonously, from the East; and from two widely differing quarters. Bolshevism, on the one hand, rests on denial of the rights of the individual,

on the supremacy of the mass and of the machine. Asiatic culture, on the other hand—and especially that rooted in Hindu and Buddhist faith—denies absolutely the ultimate value of personality.

A very vigorous group of Christian intellectuals in Europe are attacking these oriental influences with desperate and passionate vehemence. Perhaps the most characteristic expression of an intense conviction that is now widespread and deeply rooted is to be found in Henri Massis' *Défense de l'Occident*<sup>1</sup> (*The Defence of the West*). For them the central pillar of European civilization is personality; and the character of the person is built on the pillars of order, discipline, and a sense of individual responsibility. These Rome first imposed upon Europe through her empire and then planted in the very soul of man through that interior moral discipline and that ordered spiritual life which are the unique fruits of Christianity. They believe, too, that our mechanistic, scientific progress holds a dreadful peril for Europe in its hand.

Modern civilization [says Henri Massis] is the great evil, in that it makes material well-being the one end of life, and that it bewitches Europeans and corrupts Orientals, that it makes them slaves of money, incapable of peace and of inner repose.

Massis, on this issue, quotes with approval Gandhi's declaration—"Europe is not Christian"; and goes on to argue:

A balanced intelligence would conclude: "It is necessary to re-Christianize Europe and the world."

<sup>1</sup> Librairie Plon, Paris.

It is not [he says] a question of Latinizing Asia, but of Christianizing it, of carrying to Asia a Christianity that is not chained to perishable forms of life, a universal Christianity, stripped of all national vestment, a pure catholicism—that is to say, one love, one single tradition, one truth. The Christ alone, placed in the centre of all, can reconcile the East and the West.

We do not know [he concludes] when or how the union willed by Christ can be realized. But it is enough that He willed it for it to be realized. And if it is necessary for us to restore the integrity of our Europe, and defend it against everything that menaces it, it is so that the citadel shall remain intact from which missionaries will go forth to extend the Kingdom of God to the ends of the earth.

## CHAPTER III

### THE WORLD PROGRAMME OF BOLSHEVISM

#### I

A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Russian schoolboy heard one day that his brother Alexander, who was only two years older than himself, had been seized by the secret police in St Petersburg, and dragged off to prison with four others of his own age. The five comrades had been engaged in a plot. They had hollowed out big books, hidden bombs inside, and, on March 1st, 1887, walked out into the street to throw them at the Tsar. A few days later Alexander was hanged.

The younger brother, Vladimir, burning with rage and hate, began to prepare himself for his life-work—the terrible task of organizing the Russian worker, in the factory, the army, and the field, to smash not only Tsarism, but the whole system of capitalist states, and to set up in its place the dictatorship of the proletariat. It is one of the greatest romances of the world's life that, forty-three years later, Vladimir Il'ich Ul'ianov Lenin sat in the Tsar's Winter Palace as supreme dictator over the hundred and fifteen millions of Russia, and leader of the Communist Revolutionary Movement across the world. In the following year, from the Kremlin in Moscow,

his will had a power such as no Tsar had ever wielded.

To-day he is dead ; but in cabins in the Siberian snows, in the tents of nomad Turcomans, in the factories, in the fields, and in the club-houses of the Communist Youth Movement legends are told of him as an almost superhuman being. Flags flutter at mastheads and badges gleam in buttonholes showing Lenin the orator standing on a globe—master of the world—amid the rays of the rising sun. And his creation, Leninism (Bolshevism we call it), is making a claim for world dominion such as no other force to-day rivals.

The revolution of 1917 on which Lenin rode into power was not only at that time the most colossal that the world has ever seen ; but it is to-day, through the living forces that it has let loose on the world, shaking the nations east and west as, perhaps, no other event in human history has done. For even the widest reverberations of the French Revolution did not move Asia ; they did not stir the slumbers of eighteenth-century China, or awaken passion in Delhi or Tokio.

No other political and economic gospel in the world is making any challenge comparable with that of Bolshevism. Uncounted millions—Indian, Chinese and Japanese, Javanese, Persian and Egyptian, with youth in every European and American land—are linked internationally in their response to the immortal challenge of Karl Marx : "The proletariat has nothing to lose but its chains. You have a



world to win. Workers of the world, unite." And the reason why they unite is because Lenin, by his lifetime of concentrated, passionate activity, translated Marx's gospel into a Kingdom of Communism, the Empire of the Mass-man. Bolshévism is the greatest experiment ever made to fulfil the dream of bringing in a Golden Age for workers of every race—for the individual, the family and the village, the city, the nation; for the world of commerce, finance and industry; for morals and for art.

What, then, does Bolshevism offer to the world? How does it tell the world to win what it offers? Is it carrying out its promise?

We can perhaps find an answer if we look first at Russia's history and then at Lenin, who, on the basis of Karl Marx's mighty dialectic, realized in fact, across a sixth of the earth's land-surface, the novel and astounding project of the Soviet State.

## II

Russia's first supreme revolutionary was Peter the Great.<sup>1</sup> From the revolution that this Tsar effected everything else has flowed. When Peter was a boy the Russian empire was a shapeless mass of nomad tribes and peasants living as serfs under the despotism of local nobles. Racially barely a half of the population was Slav, the remainder being largely of oriental blood. The Church, the mystical Eastern Orthodox Church, with its bewitching ritual chanted in a language unknown to the people, had its back

<sup>1</sup> Born 1672; died 1725.

turned to all European movements in religion. When Peter became Tsar he turned the face of the leaders of Russia toward Europe. He built a new capital—St Petersburg—on the westernmost tip of Russia, with a port open to the west. His court became European. German and French culture flourished among the aristocracy. The Russian Imperial family intermarried with the ruling families of the European nations.

Under later Tsars, British, French, German and Belgian merchants realized that they could make more money by manufacturing goods in Russia with cheap labour than by selling to Russia goods made in western Europe by dear labour. Therefore, in the second half of the nineteenth century the number of western-owned factories in Russia leapt from nine thousand nine hundred to thirty-nine thousand, and the workers in them from forty-six thousand to one million seven hundred thousand. There were no trade unions, no legal right to strike, and almost no laws; the hours were long and wages low. Attempted strikes were crushed by the cruel use of Cossack soldiers. By 1914 there were two and a half millions of factory workers, and these were seething with discontent.

The lot of the peasant was no better. At the outbreak of the great war two hundred thousand landlords, owning a quarter of the arable land of the Russian empire, were sullenly and enviously served by sixteen million desperately poor peasant households. Every peasant who could march was dragged

into the army, which was by far the worst trained, organized, and equipped of any which took part in the war, or indeed in any recent war.

### III

Lenin's<sup>1</sup> father, born among the educated *bourgeoisie*, became director of country schools for the province of Simbirsk; and therefore, as a high government official, automatically a noble.

At home the father and mother and six children—of whom Vladimir was the third—used to discuss all sorts of revolutionary ideas about Russia. The father, a vigorous democrat, died when Vladimir was fifteen years old. At about that time Lenin suddenly had a conviction (born, it would seem, of talks with his elder brother) of the non-existence of God. He tore from his neck the little cross that all Orthodox Russians wear, spat upon it, and threw it on the ground. The boy's sudden mental leap and the vehement act, the refusal even to suspend judgment or be sceptical of this absolute negative, were typical of his whole life.

The boy Lenin, as a sixteen-year-old, sat far into the night for week after week discussing with his brother, Alexander, Marx's *Manifesto of the Communist Revolution*. After his brother was hanged, he set himself thoroughly to master the problem of carrying through the real Communist revolution.

<sup>1</sup> We use throughout the pen-name which Vladimir adopted as a revolutionary journalist, and by which he became known all over the world.

His school friends complained that he was always studying. He loved ski-ing across the winter snows of Russia. But he gave up ski-ing because it made him feel sleepy when he studied. He gave up, too, the career as a noble and a state official which his father's position opened to him. Of him in an astounding degree Emerson's words are true : " The one virtue in life is concentration." In Lenin's view, his brother had been martyred. The Tsar, the judges, the police, the army generals became the object of his burning hate.

Lenin went as student to the University of Kazan, whither his family followed him. He headed a student rebellion, and was arrested.

" Why do you rebel, young man ? " asked the inspector of police. " Don't you know that you are hurling yourself against a wall ? "

" Yes," replied young Lenin, " a wall perhaps, but a crumbling wall ; at the first blow it will tumble down ! "

He was exiled to a village where his mother's family had an estate. There the family lived, Vladimir reading from morning till night books in all the languages that he knew. To satisfy his mother, to whom he was always passionately devoted, he took a law degree at St Petersburg University, but he gave himself wholly to the task of creating and welding together young Marxian revolutionaries, not only intellectuals, but working men. The foundations of Marx's theory of revolution were now engraved deep into young Lenin's mind, and he set himself with that grim, persistent tenacity of his to

build up a scientific method by which it could be put into practice.

The first of Marx's theories is that any given state of society produces its own opposite ; it gives birth to an offspring that must inevitably destroy the parent. For instance, capitalism creates masses of working people, the proletariat, who fight a class-war against this oppression. They thus destroy the capitalism that has first created and then exploited them. According to Marx, this process is inevitable ; it is determined in advance by the materialist economic forces of the world. When that revolution occurs (which Marx called " the dictatorship of the proletariat " ), it will itself give birth in turn to the Communist society. But this society, Marx taught, will be permanent because it is the crowning synthesis of the whole historical conflict.

It will be seen that, if Marx were right, there could not be " a revolution of the proletariat " in Russia at a time when well over ninety per cent of the population were illiterate peasants.

The second of Marx's theories is that all movements in history have their origin in material conditions of life, such things as the price of food, the clash of economic interests, and so on—what is known as economic determinism. The proletariat thus have a common economic interest all over the world. The national state is the instrument (according to Marx) by which the ruling class in each country oppresses and dominates the worker. The aim, therefore, of the proletariat must be to capture the

state for themselves out of the hands of the oppressing capitalist.

On the achievement of that aim in Russia Lenin concentrated every faculty that he had or could develop. He had the bulldog grip, and his passionate interest in ideas was ruled by the vehement aim of seeing them in action. He combined fanaticism of aim with complete flexibility in his choice of tools and methods. Lenin most interestingly resembles Cromwell in his use of violence, in his undaunted certainty that his cause must win because it was predestined, a part of the very process of the world; and in his personal Puritanism of life. Karl Marx, the scholar who created Communism as a theory, was an intellectual stiffly dressed in a frock coat; Lenin, the man who created Bolshevism as Communism in action, wore the top boots and rough clothes of a peasant; he wore, too, the peasant's characteristic air of shrewd refusal to be hoodwinked or browbeaten.

Lenin began to write, and his brochures were circulated secretly for the most part in hectographed copies. At last, in 1895, he managed to get a passport across the frontier. He went to confer with Marxian Socialists in Berlin and Paris, but most of all with the Geneva group organized for "the Freedom of Labour." He returned to Russia with the newest invention in "mimeograph" machines secreted in a case with a double bottom. At once he founded in Russia the "Union for fighting for the freedom of the working class," with a periodical, *The Work-*

ing Class, to be produced on his mimeograph machine.

On the night of December 8th, 1895, the police cast their net and caught their man. For Lenin this spelt fourteen months in prison and three years in Siberia. But neither in prison nor in Siberia did he waste any time. In prison he made "invisible" ink of milk or lemon juice. This he kept in "ink-pots" of bread which he swallowed whenever a gaoler appeared. "I swallowed six inkpots in one day," he said later with a laugh. By these means he wrote in those four years a really important book, *The Development of Russian Capitalism*. While he was in exile in Siberia he was joined by his fiancée, and they were married in the Orthodox Church. Her mother did all the housework, leaving the husband and wife free to concentrate passionately on their joint work of preparing for the revolution.

When his exile was ended he returned to Russia, but he found that he could not do the work that he wished as the eyes of the police were on him at every move. So he travelled to Germany, where, in December 1900, he published the first issue of *Iskra* (The Spark), in collaboration with the Geneva Communist group. Under the title was this significant quotation: "The spark will break into flame."

He and his wife corresponded incessantly with Marxian revolutionaries everywhere. They lived in penury in Geneva and Zurich, Berlin and London. Lenin noted with amazement the terrible contrast between the "West End" and the slums, and

learned to speak English by listening to Hyde Park orators. One day he led a group of revolutionaries on a pilgrimage to Karl Marx's grave at Highgate. There, with his hat off, Lenin murmured a prayer to Marx. Is there not to be found here something of the incurably religious spirit in man ?

His friend, Trotsky, who had escaped from Siberia, joined him in London. "Look," cried Lenin, as they passed the Houses of Parliament, "there is 'their' famous Westminster." By "their" he did not mean the English, but the capitalist. To him then and always *The Times* in England, German artillery, and French aviation were "theirs" (that is, the tool of the international class of exploiters across the world); against whom was arrayed the world that was "ours," that is, the class of the exploited workers everywhere. He did not see the world divided by vertical lines into nations, but by horizontal lines into classes.

Lenin not only saw the world in classes rather than nations; he saw those classes as being always and inevitably at war. This fact controlled all that he said and did. He was always in "a state of siege." When, therefore, in 1903 the Second International Social Democratic Congress met in London (and talked for a month), Lenin fought for active revolutionary activity. On this rock the party split into two groups—the Maximalists—or to use their Russian name the "Bolsheviki" led by Lenin, against the Minimalists (Mensheviki). Lenin was everywhere known and generally derided, even by



revolutionaries, as the Cromwell of this group of irreconcilably rigid Ironsides. At the age of thirty-three he found himself the accepted leader of the little party of uncompromising Bolsheviks.

The defeat of Russia by Japan in 1905 caused a revolution in Russia which created a short-lived Parliament—the Duma. Lenin never appeared in public as a leader in that revolution. He helped; but he was above all an observer. What he saw then decided what he was to do twelve years later. He saw Soviets (Councils) of Workers, of Peasants, and even in some places of Soldiers, that formed and re-formed as though spontaneously; he saw that the proletariat started the revolution, but that it was the fact that all classes joined in that made it so formidable; that it was the army that finally suppressed the revolution, but that many regiments swayed to and fro between revolution and loyalty before being forced by discipline to fight the masses; he saw, above all, that it was the reaction of the people against a government that had been murderously inefficient in a war that sprang the mine of “1905.” By taking advantage of those four factors, Lenin triumphed in the 1917 revolution.

In the following years of Tsarist counter-revolution and repression, Lenin was painfully purging his disciples of all spirit of compromise and his party of all compromisers. He was an autocrat of autocrats, a natural dictator; infinitely sure, first that his faith was the only one by which the workers could be saved, and secondly, that he alone knew the

way to establish the City of Communism on earth as it was in the mind of Marx. Even if he was one and alone against the world, it never crossed his mind that he could be wrong or that he should give up control. And, if you accept the Communist creed, the astounding fact is that he proved again and again, when he stood quite alone in advocating some line of action, that he was supremely right. In 1912, fighting to the last ditch his own comrades who wanted to rejoin the Mensheviks, he led his group at the Prague Conference to break with them finally for ever. With his faithful comrade Zinovief he moved to Cracow, whence he could follow closely what was happening in Russia. He saw with joy that the workers were getting more restive, the troops in the army more mutinous; even the peasants were more sullenly unhappy.

Out of the 1905 revolution there leapt into Lenin's mind, as we have seen, a new principle of government organization—the principle of governing through representation from Soviets, councils of workers. To create and control such councils, made up of Communists; to leaven the army, the villages, and the factories with Communism through them; and then use them as the leaders of the organized workers of the world: here was Lenin's way to achieve the impossible! Even without Marx's proletariat mass there could thus be a revolution of all these three groups. And so it actually came about.

Meanwhile, an immoral, ignorant monk, Rasputin, with a hypnotic personality, obtained such power

over the hysterical Tsarina that, on the basis of fortune-telling, he could get generals and ministers dismissed and appointed, and even campaigns planned. The stories about Rasputin's power inflamed the people's growing detestation and distrust of the Court and of all the existing governing powers.

In the summer of 1914, when the great war broke out, Lenin was in Austria. He was—of all ironic happenings—arrested there as a spy of the Russian government. On being liberated he escaped to Switzerland. Wounded to the heart because the proletariat in Germany, France, and elsewhere were swept by the floodtide of patriotism to vote war-credits and to fight for their own lands, Lenin moaned: "The Second International is dead." In Switzerland he gave full vent to his loathing for patriotism. "We must," he said, "transform the war between nations into a civil war between classes." His hatred for the *bourgeoisie* took on a new venom. He attacked with increasing intensity all who were ready for any compromise. "Revolution," he said at that time, "is no idyll. He who does anything less than the full revolution is its enemy."

At one international conference after another in 1915 and 1916, small groups of Communists gathered in Switzerland from numerous warring nations. Lenin preached to them armed rebellion against international war. He advocated social civil war. He loathed pacifism. He proclaimed with a new vehemence that only by capturing the army for Communism could capitalism be destroyed, the

dictatorship of the proletariat established, and thus the Communist revolution achieved.

Suddenly the moment came.

The Russian army, which had suffered indescribable horrors, began to melt away and to rebel. There were strikes in the war industries, too. A labour dispute at a factory in 1917, and a bread shortage, led to a riot—which no one had planned or organized—in the streets of Petrograd. A regiment was called out and ordered to fire. The soldiers (peasants for the most part, be it noticed) refused, and sided with the rioters. Another regiment was called; it did the same. Swiftly a provisional revolutionary government was patched together by the old Duma of 1905—the Parliament and the new Petrograd Soviet, with Kerenski at its head. It led the kaleidoscopic life of a quick-change artiste from March until November 1917. Four converging movements gathered strength. First, the Russian army at the front—electrified by the fact that soldiers had rebelled in Petrograd—mutinied and deserted by regiments. If their officers resisted the soldiers shot them. Consciously, they no more wanted Communism than they wanted Mohamadanism or Mormonism. They were simple illiterate peasants, husbands and sons who longed to get home to see their women-folk and grip a spade or plough handle. It was not the Red but the Green Proletariat that made the revolution possible.

“The peasants have voted for peace!” exclaimed Lenin.

"How voted?" demanded his colleagues.

"With their legs!" he retorted.

Secondly, the peasants, seeing that government was paralysed, started the sport of hunting the landlords who had so long oppressed them. Within a few months vast areas of land had passed into peasant hands. Thirdly, the industrial workers, clamouring for an eight-hour day and increased wages, ended by driving owners and foremen out of many factories, and joined the Red Guard of the Bolsheviki. Fourthly, to crown all, the subject-nationalities, all save the loosely tribal nomads, began to clamour for self-determination, the most insistent of all being the Finns in the north and the Ukrainians in the south-west.

Lenin, in Lausanne, could not sleep for trying to make plans to get across the frontiers to Russia. At last, having travelled by Germany, Sweden, and Finland, he arrived in Petrograd, where he received an indescribable ovation. He had to make speeches every few yards. Every sentence was, in fact, an attack on the existing revolutionary, but still bourgeois, government of Kerenski.

That night Lenin received a group of extremist Bolsheviki, and to them he unfolded his plans with the violence of an unchained spirit of destruction. The next day, like a Communist Martin Luther, he issued his ten theses of revolution. Here were some of his demands: All the power was to be vested in the hands of the Soviets; all the land was to be taken from the nobles and leased to the peasants;

and immediate peace must be made with the enemy. Even full-blooded Bolsheviks were staggered at the absoluteness, the immediacy and immensity of the programme. For Russia was at war still with Germany. But Lenin, with supreme genius, spoke over the heads of the intellectuals to the land-hungry peasants, the peace-hungry army and navy, and the power-hungry workers. He offered, at one stroke, to feed them all with what they longed for most. The Communists had gone beyond patriotism to internationalism; but the peasants had never reached patriotism at all. Each peasant cared nothing, for he knew nothing, of workers in other lands or even other parts of his land. He only wanted the soil on which he stood. And, even before Lenin's programme reached him, he had begun to seize it. It is vital to grasp the fact of this land-hunger of the peasant; for in it lies the force that brought Tsarism crashing down; and this, too, is Bolshevism's greatest foe in Russia to-day.

Lenin began secretly to organize a Bolshevik army. Soon twenty-six thousand soldiers, collected from five hundred regiments, were linked together. But Kerenski had sufficient grip on the troops that still held the front to crush any rising of workers. Kerenski's police tried to capture Lenin, but failed. A great price was put on his head. He shaved his beard and, disguised as a peasant, escaped to Finland.

Kerenski's power began to crumble. The army, which he attempted to discipline, rebelled. This was Lenin's opportunity. Disguised, he took train

for Petrograd. During the night of October 24th (November 6th in western Europe) Lenin's Bolshevik regiments occupied the bridges of the river, a cruiser (whose officers and crew, like all the Baltic fleet, were now Bolshevik) came down the river Neva with its guns sighted on the Winter Palace, where Kerenski's government sat. Trotski, Lenin's president of the Petrograd Soviet, arranged that the telegraph, telephone exchanges, and the state bank should be captured; and soldiers with machine guns and bombs took the Winter Palace by force.

Kerenski "left for the front."

Lenin was now dictator of Russia.

He at once formed his Bolshevik group into a government: "The Council of Commissioners of the People." The Congress of Soviets met. Lenin read them his decrees and they voted them: decrees to make instant peace with the enemy and to give the land to the peasants. Lenin was made President of the Council, and Trotski, Foreign Minister.

Meanwhile, Kerenski at the front was already massing some regiments to march on the capital, and throw down this new Communist government. There was civil war. Lenin worked like twenty men, and made all his helpers do the same. With a dictatorship far more absolute than that of the Tsars and their lazy officials, Lenin organized the Tcheka (police), whose reign of terror was to fight the counter-revolution. Thousands of men were shot, hanged, or otherwise murdered. The old army was in anarchy; factories stood idle; local

administration was paralysed. The law courts, now that the old laws were abolished, ceased to function.

The peasants, to whom had been sent the order, "Take back by force that of which you have been robbed," had launched conflict in many parts of Russia. Lenin's cold hate of all the old civilization made him break with the past at any price.

Lenin now signed a peace with Germany under terms which she herself dictated.

Some of the western European powers, notably France and Britain, lent military aid to the Whites—the forces opposed to Lenin. For years the civil war in Russia between the Whites and the Reds (the Bolshevik forces) swayed in tense and awful suspense. Now the Whites, now the Reds seemed to be triumphant. When the Whites were in the ascendant it looked as though the Bolshevik government must crash. When the Reds drove right into the heart of Poland, and Soviet republics were set up in Hungary and Bavaria, men thought that the tidal wave of Bolshevism would submerge Europe—as Lenin had every belief and intention that it should. The Tsar and Tsarina and their children were shot in a cellar in a Ural town; the White army and the Czechs were about to capture the town, all Siberia having at that moment passed from Soviet hands, and it was believed by the Reds that, if the Whites released the Tsar, he would be restored to the throne. The Whites perpetrated horrible pogroms in which tens of thousands, many of them Jews, were slain. They had no real reform programme; they worked



simply for the break-up of Bolshevism and the restoration of the old order. The Reds had a very clear programme, with unity, discipline, and organization. The Whites in fact helped the Communists by strengthening the impression that a White triumph would only mean the landlord back in the castle, the capitalist in the factory, and low wages and long hours as the rule of life.

Pure Communism, however, did break down, not by military attack from without, but by economic pressure from below and within; mostly from the peasants. Land was now the property of the Soviet Republic. Lenin, true to Marxian principles, had ordered the requisition of a proportion of the peasant's grain as payment for his tenure of the land. The shrewd peasant, in order to pay less, grew less grain—only enough for himself. So the nation as a whole was faced with starvation. The cities were hungry; the factories could not go on. The situation was desperate. In March 1921 Lenin forced on his reluctant colleagues what is called the "Nep," that is, the New Economic Policy. This gave to the peasant free competitive marketing of his goods. Therefore money had to be used; banks were re-started; markets and shops reopened, and much of the old capitalist technique was restored. But the state direction of industry and transport still remained.

The peasant began to increase his crops. The attacks of the Allies from without ceased. Peace was restored within, and the real building of the

new social order began. But already Marxian Communism was diluted with capitalism.

#### IV

What is the resultant system that has been built up in the intervening years? One essential thing to hold in mind is that the system of government by Soviets is one thing, and the Communist Party is another. So long as the Party controls the government, Russia—and the whole federation of Soviet republics of which it is the head—is Communist. But a new and reactionary party could rule equally well through Soviets. Indeed that is practically the system of Fascist rule in Italy. It is a form of government which can be applied without any connection with Communism, and may yet become the system on which all Asia may organize itself. The one example of the Soviet principle in governmental organization in Britain is the House of Lords.

Meanwhile, the Communist Party, like a ruling race, is the cement which holds together the separate parts which together make up the "Union of Socialist Soviet Republics"—the U.S.S.R.—a Communist League of Nations, so to speak, which is regarded as the nucleus of a world-wide federation. It is because of this world-wide aim that the word "Russian" has been omitted from its official title. The Party is composed solely of workers who are avowed out-and-out Communists. Merchants, traders, priests, ministers of religion, private employers of labour are disfranchised. They cannot join the Party

because they do not belong to the proletariat. Admission to the Party, which is preceded by a rigorous test and probation, is through a local "cell" (yacheika), composed, for example, of all the Communists in a given factory, or army unit, or village, or office. The "cell" reports to district committees in the country or to ward and city committees in the cities. These in turn report to and receive orders from the Party Central Committee at Moscow, elected every two years by the Party Congress.

The authority of the Communist Party, as a Party, runs across all frontiers. It is planned, as we have seen, that it shall ultimately run across the whole world. It accepts no national limitations; and the decisions of its Central Committee govern its members wherever they are and whatever office they hold. Thus the Central Bureau of Nine controls all parts of the U.S.S.R. (a sixth of the planet). For Communists are in governmental power in every republic of the Union. The Soviet Union itself as a government—while it gives to each smaller republic that belongs to it self-government in education, health, agriculture, and justice—reserves over the whole area the control of war, foreign affairs, trade, transport, post, telegraph, and the secret police. Any decision of the Central Committee of the Communist Party on those subjects is binding on its members in all the federated republics.

As the Party controls the government, the Central Bureau of Nine controls the policy of the Union. This is the "dictatorship of the proletariat."

Lenin was—until his death—head at once of the Communist Party and of the government—just as Mussolini is head of the Fascist Party and of the government in Italy. These functions are now divided. Rykov—ex-president of the Supreme Economic Council—is premier of the government, which rules through bureaus or departments. But Joseph Stalin, “the man of steel,” is the general secretary and head of the Communist Party, and is the most powerful person in Russia. This fifty-year-old giant is not an original thinker, but is a convinced, energetic organizer, with a power of unflinching decision and of executive drive.

To join the Communist Party it is essential to renounce all religious belief. Marx said that religion was the opium of the people, dope that drugged them; and Lenin followed suit. Lenin did not ask himself whether Christianity is true or not. All that interested him was whether it helped or hindered the revolution. To him Christianity meant the Orthodox Church in Russia, which had the Tsar as its head, and was used by the Tsarist government as a stupendous force for keeping the illiterate superstitious millions quiet.

Religion [Lenin writes in his book, *Socialism and Religion*] is one of the forms of that spiritual yoke which always and everywhere has been laid on the masses of the people crushed by poverty. The weakness of the exploited classes, in their struggles with their oppressors, inevitably produced a faith in a better life in the next world. . . . Religion teaches such men, who work and endure poverty

all their lives, humility and patience by holding out the consolation of a heavenly reward. . . . Religion is an opiate of the people, a sort of spiritual vodka, meant to make the slaves of capitalism tread in the dust their human form and their aspirations to a semi-decent existence. . . . But the slave who becomes conscious of his slavery has already half-ceased to be a slave. The modern worker, who is taught his work in the factory and enlightened by urban life, contemptuously casts off religious prejudices, and leaves heaven to the parsons and devout bourgeois, while he himself tries to win a better life here on earth.

The tremendous Communist Youth Movements (the Komsomol, the Octobrists, and the Pioneers, graded according to age), with a total membership in excess of six millions, have as a central feature of their educational programme definite anti-religious propaganda. Their present success in this respect is great. Contempt for the old Orthodox Churches has grown by leaps and bounds among the younger generation, far beyond the area of any formal educational process. It is as though an ancient spell had been broken.

In the field of morals Bolshevism is just as drastic. One day Lenin was making a speech to a crowd of young men and girls. In four swift, lucid sentences, as sharp-edged and pungent as they are unemotional and uncompromising, he laid down with unforgettable harshness the moral basis of Bolshevism :

We repudiate all morality which proceeds from supernatural ideas or ideas which are outside class conceptions. In our view morality is entirely sub-

ordinate to the interests of the class-war; everything is moral which is necessary for the annihilation of the old exploiting social order and for the uniting of the proletariat. Our morality thus consists solely in close discipline and in conscious war against the exploiters. We do not believe in eternal principles of morality, and we will expose this deception. Communist morality is identical with the fight for the strengthening of the dictatorship of the proletariat.

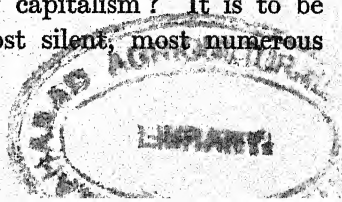
These words, it must in justice to Lenin be remembered, were not intended by him to buttress sensual living. He himself was an ascetic Puritan in his way of life, always a devoted son to his mother, a good husband to his wife, and a passionate lover of little children.

It is very difficult to give an objective picture of moral and social conditions in Russia. The Puritan attitudes which affect all Anglo-Saxon thought have never had any meaning there. To-day in Russia divorce can be secured simply by the husband or wife (not necessarily with the knowledge of the other) going into an office, filling up a form, and paying a sum of less than a pound. Thus companionate marriage is practically the prevailing system. The number of divorces is very high indeed in Moscow and other city centres, but low in the villages. The number of unregistered "free" unions is also very high. Marriage being technically negligible, the real problem in Russia is whether the child and natural affection will or will not save the family as a natural grouping, without the reinforcement of the marriage bond.

There are no privately-owned newspapers in Russia. Therefore all papers publish what the government, which owns them, wishes to be published. There is no freedom of speech or of political organization, no freedom from search and arrest; and the secret police make such free use of their wide powers of arrest (and they have the power of the death-sentence) that it is certain that the number of people in prison for political offences is unparalleled anywhere else in the world. No published statistics exist.

The Communist Party has forcibly, by minority action, substituted state for private control of industry and commerce, and has cut out the motive of private profit as the greatest incentive to work. Over ninety per cent of the factory and mining production of Russia is under state direction; six per cent is under co-operative societies, and only about two per cent is due to private enterprise. The state has a monopoly of foreign trade, controls all large banks, and works its railway, river, and sea traffic. Trade and industry are under the Supreme Economic Council which thus, for instance, controls oil-fields in the Caucasus, timber-cutting and saw-mills in the Arctic, gold mines and fur stores in Siberia, iron and steel mills in the Ukrain, textile manufactories in Leningrad and Moscow. All these are organized into regional trusts which report to the Supreme Council.

What, then, remains of capitalism? It is to be found in its simplest, most silent, most numerous



element, the peasant. There are in Russia twenty-five million little holdings, the average size of which is ten acres. Not one in five has more than one working animal, and the wooden plough still prevails. But, since the U.S.S.R. has ruled, three grades of peasant have developed, the well-to-do, who employ labour; the middle class, which forms the mass; and the poor. The first are the greatest single menace to Communism, because they hold grain reserves.

What, then, is to be done? If Russia allows the enterprising or more intelligent or more hard-working peasant to increase his own personal wealth, Communism will, to that extent, disappear. If, on the other hand, the present policy of taxing the peasant, taking away his vote, and so on, is maintained, the present desperately low production of grain will be intensified; and in that production lie the very roots of foreign trade and home industry. To escape from this dilemma, the government has pressed hard since 1928 the policy of great farms, managed like a state factory, and collective (or co-operative) farms, provided with tractors and other modern machinery. If it succeeds, it will do two things. First, it will save the Communist state; and, secondly, it will give to the world, in the sphere of agriculture, as sensational and epoch-making a revolution as was the transition from the small artisan workshop to the modern factory in the sphere of industry. This still undecided tug-of-war is to-day the most important struggle in Russia, and may well be the most important for the world.



The much-debated Five Years' Plan of industrial and other development puts the technical equipment of the peasant high in its programme. This is an effort—in industry, commerce, and agriculture—to transform the outlook of a hundred million semi-Asiatic people, famous for dilatoriness and for the practice of *nichevo* (to-morrow), and train them in American mass-production and scientific economy with a view to the maximum of output.

The root defect of industry in Russia to-day is that prices are high and quality is low. The causes of this are: first, the most dilatory bureaucracy in the world; secondly, the elimination of the motive of private gain; thirdly, the fact that inexperience and a low average grade of education make efficient management of big enterprises difficult; and fourthly, the corruption which is everywhere rife. The first and the fourth prevailed also in Tsarist Russia. There are to-day in Russia great poverty and want, much unemployment and congested housing. The framework of a vast industrial machine has been built. No one can say whether in time it will work swiftly, easily, and efficiently. So far, in the sphere where it promises everything, Bolshevism has not in the quite literal sense "delivered the goods."

The workers now have a share in factory management. They can express their discontent in constitutional ways, and this avoids active malcontent. No children under fourteen are allowed to work; and those under sixteen are limited to four hours,

and under eighteen to six hours a day. Wages, hours, and conditions of labour are far inferior to those of western Europe and America; but they are all superior to those of pre-war Russia, and are still improving. There is free state insurance of all workers. But there is serious food shortage, and foodstuffs are still largely rationed. "The only thing for which we do not have to wait in queues," say the Russians bitterly, "is divorce."

## V

And now, what of Bolshevism in its relation to the wider world?

"It is inconceivable," Lenin wrote, "that the Soviet Republic should continue to exist interminably side by side with imperialist states. Ultimately one or other must conquer. Pending this development a number of terrible clashes between the Soviet Republic and the bourgeois states must inevitably occur."

So the ultimate victory of Communism, when all compulsion will cease (armies and police being done away) and the state will disappear, will be a world victory. The true Communist—like the true Christian—must in the very degree of his passion for his faith and his belief in its power to save mankind, do all that he can to achieve for his way of life world-wide rule over the whole human race.

How is the U.S.S.R. related to Asia, to Europe, and to America?

No bolder or better move was made by the Soviet Union than its principle and practice of giving self-determination to the non-Russian subject-nationalities of the old empire and federating them into a "United States" within the all-embracing unity of the U.S.S.R. In sharp contrast with the Tsarist universal law that Russian was the one language to be used, whether by Poles, Tartars, Georgians, Finns, or Ukrainians, the Soviet Union has definitely encouraged each republic within the federation to teach its own language in the schools, and to use it in the law courts. They have carved up a sixth of the earth into six republics. Most of these are, in turn, federations of numerous smaller republics. The six are the Russian, the Ukrainian, the White Russian, the Trans-Caucasian, and two Central Asian republics. This principle of self-determination within the Union gives Moscow great influence with peoples subject to western imperialism. Bolshevism thus exploits and intensifies Asiatic nationalism.<sup>1</sup>

Education in Soviet ideals is another main function of the U.S.S.R. In Moscow a University of Toilers of the East gives to seven hundred students from Moslem central Asiatic republics an education that aims at substituting Marx for Mohammed, *Das Kapital* for the Koran. In Tashkent similar education is organized for oriental revolutionaries. Every Asiatic land from Constantinople to Peking that has shaken off its ancient dynasty—Turkey,

<sup>1</sup> See Chapter V.

Persia, Afghanistan, and China—has looked to Soviet Russia for guidance and backing against the western “exploiting, imperialist” powers—especially the British empire, which is regarded as the greatest obstacle to the world revolution. Turkey made a Turko-Soviet entente at an early date; and a great Russian organizer, Borodin, went there to help in reconstruction. Northern Persia is under strong economic Soviet influence, and Persia gets most of its news-service by wireless from Moscow. Afghanistan is strongly penetrated by Soviet agencies, and is linked to Tashkent by an aeroplane service. Through Afghanistan, and by the direct influence of Indian Communists, India is subject to an intermittent propaganda. The Chinese Nationalists, as we shall see later, invited Borodin to be their “political adviser” for some years, and a Communist general helped to reorganize and re-equip their army. No student in a Japanese university can share the discussions of his fellow-undergraduates unless he has read Karl Marx’s *Das Kapital*, which is a “best-seller” in Japan.

In its foreign policy the Soviet Union is hostile to the League of Nations, as an organization controlled by capitalist imperialist states. The Russians are, as a whole, developing the fear-complex of encirclement by imperialism. The main aim of the Soviet Foreign Office is to prevent an anti-Soviet *bloc* of western powers, although in any case such a *bloc* seems unthinkable and impracticable. It has carried out treaties with neighbouring states, all of

them involving agreements (1) not to attack each other, (2) to remain neutral in case of an attack by a third power, and (3) not to share in hostile political, economic, or financial combinations against each other. But Russia's more active opponents, Rumania and Poland, are not in that group of treaties. The one common complaint against the Soviet Union on the part of all the western powers is that it has repudiated the foreign debts of the Tsarist government, and has nationalized the industrial and commercial property of foreigners in Russia without compensation.

Whatever the Soviet Union may do as a government in its relations with other governments, the Party—the Communist International whose word is law to all true Communists—must aim in the long run at the conquest of the whole world by Communism. As the headquarters of the Party, and as the first country to achieve revolution, Communist Russia is paradoxically developing a strange exalted nationalism—a Messianic consciousness as the nation-leader through whose example the world will be saved.

The Communist International exercises iron discipline over its own national groups in order to achieve this aim of applying on a world scale the methods of the Russian Bolshevik revolution. The Soviet Union in its diplomatic relations with non-Soviet nations necessarily dissociates itself from this aggressive programme. But the very core of the Communist creed is that a world revolutionary

process is at work of which the Russian revolution is one step. It may take generations, perhaps a century, to achieve, but its world fulfilment, they believe, is pre-determined by inevitable economic forces and by the inescapable trend of capitalist states toward international war. When that comes the ripe fruit of world revolution will fall. The dictatorship of the proletariat will prevail in all lands. There will be a World Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, leading to universal Communism with no states and no armies; only the economic organization of the growth, manufacture, and exchange of the foods and fabrics needed by the workers of the world.

Bolshevism is a strong fighting faith, with a world programme, and it has achieved colossal victories. It is, in the last resort, a threat directed against those things upon which the Christian sets the highest value: the rights and duties, the growth and expression of individual personality.

"The aim of Bolshevism is of a diametrically opposite character; a collectivized man, a collective man, living collectively a collectivized existence, and collectively thinking, feeling, and aspiring. And Bolshevism has already made considerable progress in fashioning this collective man."<sup>1</sup>

We who hold Communism to be based on the denial of the very root reality of the universe—that the Creator is Spirit and is Father—have a greater and a truer faith, that conceives for all the world a full salvation of the whole individual,

<sup>1</sup> *The Experiment of Bolshevism*, A. Feiler.

body, mind, and soul, and of the community which those individuals constitute. But Christianity can only confront victoriously the greatest of all contemporary challenges—that of Bolshevism—if its followers with unity of purpose and sacrificial heroism live by that faith to build a world community from which the clash of classes, the war of nations, and the antagonism of races are banished under the sovereignty of God who made us all.

## CHAPTER IV

### "THE REVOLUTION IS NOT COMPLETE"

#### I

IN 1923 a dark, middle-aged Russian set out from Moscow with his face toward China, at the invitation of Sun Yat-sen, the leader of the Nationalist Party there. A vehement Bolshevik, with a real talent for politics, Borodin was going to help in building new China on Soviet—not Communist<sup>1</sup>—lines. His task was to control the army organization of the Chinese Nationalists from their base at Canton, and to guide their strategy against the warlords of the north. Sun Yat-sen never was a Marxian Communist; Christian Socialism would be a more nearly accurate description of his goal. All question of making China Communist was explicitly set aside. But the Chinese Nationalists were against imperialism and capitalistic exploitation of China's weakness; and that was enough as a basis of co-operation when Borodin became Political Adviser to the Chinese Kuo-min-tang (Nationalist Party).

By what strange steps was Sun Yat-sen driven to go at last personally to the anti-Christian Communist headquarters in Moscow for light and leader-

<sup>1</sup> For distinction see Chapter III.



ship—Sun Yat-sen, before whose portrait obeisance is done by unnumbered Chinese schoolboys every week almost as to a divine hero, who was born and died in the Christian faith, and who, in the midst of the tumult of the Chinese revolution, was at his own request buried with a Christian service ?

If we can discover the inner meaning of these strange events, we may come near to an understanding of that potent leaven which is to-day fermenting in and swiftly changing the life of a quarter of the human race. The Chinese people till by hand a land larger than Europe, a land watered by rivers one of which is navigable by ocean-going steamers hundreds of miles from the sea, and with resources of power and wealth beyond computation in and beneath its soil. To-day, under our eyes, they are struggling in a maelstrom of forces—nationalism, Bolshevism, imperialism, industrialism, and Christianity—and trying to emerge into a new way of life. In China, as in India and in Russia, we shall find our clue to the situation through a study of the leader who has been at once the thinker and the organizer, the Marx and the Lenin of the Chinese revolution.

Sun Yat-sen, the son of a Christian peasant, was born in a mud hut on November 12th, 1866, in a village, Tsui-Hêng, in the south-east corner of China. His father was so poor that the boy never had shoes to wear, and the family had little else to eat than sweet potatoes. His home was so close to the sea

that travelling peasants and merchants brought to the boy's village stories of the foreign influences and splendour of the British colony of Hong Kong and of the Portuguese colony of Macao. These quickened in the poverty-stricken people the sense of unrest that had smouldered there throughout the fifteen years of the Tai-Ping rebellion, which had only been suppressed the year before he was born.

When Sun was seven years old he went to his uncle's evening school in the village temple. The most brilliant boy of the school, Sun was frequently whipped for criticizing the ancient Chinese classics instead of simply learning to repeat them like a gramophone. In those classics the boy at school and later on learned the story of his nation; of how it had possessed a great and cultured civilization as long as four thousand years ago. He learned by heart much of the wisdom of its sages enshrined in the Five Classics—the oldest of which dates back fully five thousand years—and in the Four Books, which give the profound teaching of Confucius—who lived five hundred years before Jesus Christ—and Mencius, his warmer-hearted disciple.

The real heart of this teaching was that men should find and live by right relationships with one another. Out of the five "right relationships," three were in the family. Everywhere in China the family has been the centre of all life. When vice-roys fought or rebelled, China was not affected in the way that any European country would be if civil war broke out, because the families ruled in their

own villages, and the villages supplied most of their own simple needs.

The same self-sufficiency prompted the Chinese imperial government for over forty years to refuse to allow any western power to trade in their land. Vaguely, perhaps, they caught glimpses of the tremendous fact that two absolutely contradictory civilizations were now coming face to face—one based on changeless status, the other on ever-active movement and competition; and that only by holding the West at arm's length could the ancient China hope to survive. But the world-tides of western industrialism and commerce could not long be stemmed on the shores of the world's vastest potential market by the feeble fiat of a dynasty which, from the Chinese point of view, was corrupt and alien, and, from the western point of view, possessed no power of resistance or of self-direction. At last came the Opium War with Britain (so called because it was occasioned by the will to force British opium on the Chinese), when China's exclusiveness was battered down by guns. In the Treaty of Nanking, 1842, China began to open her vast markets; and in successive treaties one after another of the Great Powers competed for power and trade. To-day, for every Chinese schoolboy the beginning of modern history (and the foundation of his distrust of the western powers) is in the Opium War and the subsequent Treaty of Nanking.

In 1879, when Sun was thirteen years old, he sailed to Honolulu to join his elder brother in busi-

ness. There he learned English in a missionary school and graduated into the high school.

He returned to China in 1884. The eighteen-year-old boy started vehement preaching of reform in his home village. To him, as a Christian, Jesus was—as Sun himself put it—the Supreme Revolutionary. He deliberately strode into the village temple and, seizing the hand of the village god, broke off one of its fingers. There was such a hullabaloo over this that his parents sent him off to Hong Kong.

Now a convinced and vehement revolutionary, Sun hesitated for a time between a military and a naval training. He decided instead on a medical course; and went to the Canton Medical School of the Anglo-American Mission. From Canton he went on to the new Medical College attached to the Alice Memorial Hospital of the London Missionary Society at Hong Kong. There he came under the strongest formative influence of his student life—that of the Christian surgeon, Dr (afterwards Sir James) Cantlie. He sang in the choir of the Christian church; and with three boon comrades discussed revolution in every spare hour. He was the first graduate of the college after five years' study of medicine and surgery.

In 1894 Sun definitely launched on his revolutionary career by founding the Young China Party. It had a moderate programme, aiming at the establishment of a constitutional monarchy. This seems, indeed, a moderate policy viewed from the standpoint of to-day. But at that time, as against the bureau-

cratic despotism of the Manchus, it called for a really great revolution. During that year Japan inflicted many disastrous defeats on Chinese armies. This called out great anger against the rottenness of the Manchu government. Sun and his group tried to get reform by petition to the court, but were savagely repulsed. So they attempted a *coup* : no less a blow than the capture of Canton. This failed, and a number of the rebels were executed. Sun only escaped by the skin of his teeth ; and the government showed their sense of his power as a leader by putting a price of nearly thirty thousand pounds on his head.<sup>1</sup>

He escaped to Hong Kong, where he sought out his friend, Dr Cantlie, who helped him to get out of the country. He left for Japan. There, to assist his disguise, he cut off his queue,<sup>2</sup> and wore European clothes. With the queue, which was a symbol of subjection to the Manchu dynasty, Sun's moderate programme of constitutional monarchy disappeared. Henceforth his mind was set on nothing short of a republic. He sailed to Honolulu. There Dr Cantlie met him in the street and encouraged him to go to England. This journey merged into a world tour to stir up emigrant Chinese in favour of revolution, and to secure funds in Europe and America for revolutionary work. Many rich Chinese living under democratic government and efficient, honest administration in places such as Singapore and

<sup>1</sup> Increased later to £100,000 to anyone getting Sun into the hands of the government, dead or alive.

<sup>2</sup> Pigtail.

Penang, and in Honolulu, saw that the enormous possibilities of commerce inherent in China were entirely ruined by the rottenness of its government and the corruptness of its officials. They also wanted to see a Chinese government strong enough to resist being controlled from without by international finance. Many of them, therefore, were ready to give financial help to forward the revolution. It is, in fact, often overlooked that the support of these Chinese *bourgeoisie* in foreign lands really secured the ultimate success of the revolution.

The success of Sun Yat-sen's propaganda was helped by a curious, often-forgotten feature of Chinese life. For at least seventeen hundred years the Chinese have made great use of revolutionary secret societies, which have kept alive the feeling of nationality. These societies, since the advent to power of the Manchus in 1644, have worked against the government. The famous Boxer Rising, for example, began in the attempt of the "Big Knife" and "White Lily" secret societies to get rid of the Manchu dynasty; but the mandarins were subtle and clever enough to deflect the leaders to a purely "anti-foreign-devil" policy. The poorest people—discontented peasants, artisans, and vagabonds (and this has always necessarily involved soldiers)—formed the majority of the membership of these secret societies. But these classes make up the bulk of the Chinese people. Whole armies have been discovered to be members of these vast organizations, which are bound together by a marvellous

loyalty, often centring in the person of a chief rejoicing in such a title as "Great Dragon Head."

One reason why the millions of Chinese emigrants in places like the Straits Settlements, the Dutch East Indies, Honolulu, and the Pacific seaboard of America show such astonishing solidarity is that the majority of them are members of these secret societies. Sun crystallized all their vague social and national aims into revolutionary projects. They gave him a multitude of followers and fighters; and he gave form and momentum to the vague, inert nationalism that they had cherished in dreams for centuries. Without these societies Sun Yat-sen could never have achieved the revolution; and without his leadership they would have remained powerless.

With vast sums of money to be won by the capture or death of Sun it can be imagined that he had many hairbreadth escapes. He went about in Malaysia and the Dutch East Indies disguised as a pedlar. Whether on land or sea, he knew that Chinese spies were on his track. The most romantic and bizarre of all his adventures was when in broad daylight, in a London street, he was kidnapped by agents of the Chinese Legation itself. He would have been smuggled on board ship and taken to China to certain death, had not the wife of one of the English servants of the Legation heard from her husband of the plight of the young Chinese imprisoned there. Sun told her that Dr Cantlie was his friend. The doctor was called from his bed by a ring at the door-

bell at 11.30 on the night of Saturday, October 17th, 1896. He found no one there; but there was a note on the ground written in an uneducated hand:

There is a friend of yours imprisoned in the Chinese Legation here since last Sunday; they intend sending him out to China, where it is certain they will hang him. It is very sad for the poor man, and unless something is done at once he will be taken away and no one will know it. I dare not sign my name, but this is the truth, so believe what I say. Whatever you do must be done at once, or it will be too late. His name is, I believe, Sin Yin Sen.

Dr Cantlie went off to Scotland Yard; but the police were sure that he was either drunk or a lunatic, and told him to go home and keep quiet! By indomitable persistence Dr Cantlie obtained access to a Foreign Office official, who took immediate steps, and Sun was released.

For seventeen years—from 1895 to 1912—the sword of death by violence hung, suspended as by a thread, over Sun's head. But all through those years he travelled over the world, spending much time in Japan, where there were then some ten thousand Chinese emigrants, and where he was near enough to China to handle Chinese affairs. Disguised, he went through eighteen out of the nineteen provinces of his own land, ceaselessly weaving together the loose threads of his revolutionary plans.

When, a hundred years hence, a world historian looks at Chinese history, he will see the six years from the war between Japan and China in 1894 to the



Boxer Rebellion in 1900 as the greatest turning-point in four thousand years. The Japanese War in 1894 revealed the tragic feebleness of China's government and the rivalry of the Great Powers which threatened to divide up China, as Africa had just been partitioned. Four million square miles of territory and a fourth of the human race were at stake. Britain, however, stood against this political partition of China and in favour of Chinese integrity, on condition of an “ open door ” for all nations to trade in China. China in those six years was not one power negotiating with others ; but a vast potential market into which the financial interests of the western world and Japan were driving their governments to elbow a way over the body of the helpless Manchu despotism. Those six years in China are among the world's great object lessons to mankind of the fearful peril to peace that can arise when a few private, wealthy commercial influences compel their governments to threaten a prostrate people and each other with war in order to seize trading advantages.<sup>1</sup>

Under these bludgeonings from without, the Chinese people began to become conscious, first, of their own unity as a nation, and secondly, of the fatuity of their government, whose incompetence was only excelled by its more than imperial arrogance. The 1894 war deprived China of her power over Korea. In dozens of treaties China had already signed away to the Powers her sovereignty over many of her ports

<sup>1</sup> For proof of this see *Foreign Diplomacy in China, 1894-1900*, by Philip Joseph, with introduction by Sir A. Frederick Whyte. (Allen & Unwin.)

and many other rights inherent in national state sovereignty, such as the control of tariffs and the right to try in her courts all people within her shores. Two civilizations, an eastern and a western, were clashing. But the worst results might have been minimized or even avoided if, on the one hand, the Chinese had had an intelligent government; and if, on the other hand, the western powers had had from the beginning such a common conception of the "open door" policy as Britain practised throughout. This plan Mr Chamberlain commended to all the governments in December 1898, when it was taken up by America and put forward in 1899 as the basis of a united pledge to sustain China's integrity.

As important as these political repercussions were the social disturbances and industrial transformations. New treaty ports (*i.e.* ports in which foreigners by treaty gained rights, often inconsistent with Chinese sovereignty) brought scores of thousands of Russians, Germans, French, Americans, Italians, and British into contact with the Chinese. This gave sharp shocks to the Chinese, upsetting their settled habits of life. Foreign steamships ploughed their way up a thousand miles of the Yangtse into the heart of China. Travel by steamship and railway train, entirely new to China, mixed together not only foreigners and Chinese, but Chinese from different provinces. Factories sprang up, drew in crowds of workers and created the first proletariat in Chinese history. They smashed the old relationship of employer and craftsman. They introduced new ideas

of speed and mechanical, technical efficiency. Mines were handed over to foreigners, so that a little unscientific surface-scratching mine now became a large-scale humming agglomeration of wage-labourers. At last the irritation of the Chinese blazed up in the Boxer Rising of 1900. For the first time in China's history we see the conscious action of a collective will based on a common interest and antagonism to an enemy—in a word, we see the birth of nationalism in the greatest people on the earth.

In 1904 Sun undertook a second world tour. Everywhere he found a new responsive spirit among the Chinese abroad. In Honolulu he published his epoch-making manifesto: "The True Solution of the Chinese Question," which ranks for Chinese nationalism (and may yet do so for nationalism throughout Asia) as the Marx-Engels Communist Manifesto does for the Soviet Republics.

Sun Yat-sen founded in Brussels, Paris, and Berlin, among the scores of revolutionary Chinese students, the first branches of his new organization. In September 1905, on returning to Tokyo, he definitely launched the United Revolutionary Party of China on a world scale. In the first year the membership was seven thousand; by 1911 the enrolled members numbered three hundred thousand. In that year its first object was achieved in the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty and the establishment of a republic. Sun Yat-sen was then en route from America to Britain. He responded to cabled appeals to return and take up the reins of government. He took

office as first President of the Chinese Republic on January 1st, 1912.

When the Manchu rule was out of the way, the real issue for China at last became clear. Sun Yat-sen and his party were out not simply for a change of emperor, but for a drastic reorganization of the whole political and economic life of the Chinese nation. In the face of militaristic feudalism in China (of which Yuan-shih-kai was the greatest leader and the present war-lords are the picturesque but tiresome fomenters) the Nationalists stood for democratic state socialism as their goal. In the face of western commercial penetration, the system of western law courts for foreigners, with foreign concessions and foreign financial control in China, the Nationalists demand the establishment of China's full national sovereignty at home and equality of status in the world.

To effect this, against such foes, in the national life of a quarter of the human race would seem the wildest of impossible dreams. But the Nationalists hold that what they plan is to give to the nation the chance to fulfil the essential character that it has always had, but that has always been repressed.

The barest catalogue of great events is necessary here. Sun Yat-sen surrendered the presidency to Yuan-shih-kai under what, at the time, seemed irresistible pressure. Yuan allied himself with the Great Powers and with international capitalism. Free imports dislocated the livelihood of native craftsmen. Foreign capital—Japanese even more than European and American—exploited the inexhaust-

ible reservoirs of cheap Chinese labour. Here were powerful new forces on the Nationalist side. The proletariat massed in the cities began to become self-conscious of their grievances and of their unity of interest, both among themselves and with the peasants. A unified democratic socialist state was their demand. The "Revolutionary League" was reshaped under the name of the "National People's Party"—the "Kuo-min-tang," with Sun as "Chief Manager." Other parties with differing aims were founded.

Yuan-shih-kai had set up a reign of absolutism with greater despotic power than any emperor had wielded. The revolution had succeeded; but within two months the republic had failed. Sun left the country, and reorganized the Kuo-min-tang as a revolutionary secret society which aimed at setting up a real national government in China.

Yuan-shih-kai, presented by Japan with the famous Twenty-one Demands (which, if carried out, would make China a virtual protectorate of Japan), signed them. After the beginning of the great war Chinese unrest grew stronger. In 1916 Sun Yat-sen was back in Shanghai, giving mighty impetus to the "Save the Republic" movement. Yuan's supporters deserted him, and on May 25th he made public confession of his crimes and within a fortnight died. But the real power in the land was now divided among the rival *Tuchuns* (war-lords). Sun had no military power, although the navy was with him. So began the maddening maze of civil war between rival war-lords which has

gone on through the years from 1916 to the present time, devoid of any sustained policy or any touch of lofty motive—a weary round of feudal baronial conflicts accompanied by loot, with battles bought off by blackmail; a war which disorganizes village, agricultural, commercial, and political life, and turns the unpaid soldiery into marauding banditti.

Meanwhile Sun Yat-sen hammered his ideas into more coherent shape. He took Abraham Lincoln's great saying about "government of the people by the people for the people" and erected it into a system of "The Three Principles of the People." His book of that name not only sells and is read in China as the Bible has been sold and read in Britain or Germany, and with something of the same reverence; it has been powerful in popularizing a new, simpler Chinese literary language. The three principles that it proposes are Nationalism, Democracy, and Livelihood.

Nationalism is "of the people"; China is to be a free, independent sovereign nation, ruling her territory and all her territory as equal with all others in the society of nations.

Democracy is government "by the people," a republican form of government to be based on universal suffrage, without property qualifications or sex distinction, and with the right of referendum; and with a civil and military service to be prepared for by a new examination system based on merit—in order to eliminate China's greatest curse of giving office by favouritism or nepotism.

Livelihood, Sun's third principle, was for him the central aim of all government, of all economics, and, indeed, of all historical movements. It is Sun's profound way of going beyond Marx's materialistic theories and transcending them. For, as Sun said with real originality and penetration, Marx is "not a social physiologist, but a social pathologist." In other words, Marx's revolution was a surgical operation for a disease: Sun Yat-sen's is a diet on which to sustain health. For Sun—who, because he later went to Moscow and invited Bolshevik help, has been hailed and cursed as a Communist—rejected absolutely Marx's materialist conception of history, his doctrine of surplus value, and his insistence on the necessity of the class struggle.

Man needs four essential things, said Sun, under this heading of livelihood. They are food, clothing, shelter, and transport. He worked out an able national programme designed to secure all these, as they well can be secured in a land so immensely rich in natural resources. Nor did Sun (unlike some of his followers or like Gandhi) carry his criticism of the action of foreign imperialistic governments to the point of rejecting their capital and their expert technical knowledge—two things of which China stands in dire need. This, however, was and is simply an ideal policy on paper. It is a great goal; it will be reached in time. But the goal is distant.

Sun Yat-sen, ten years after his republic was established, saw that it had no authority beyond the walls of the capital city. The country was laid

waste by war-lords. Bandits prowled over the land and pirates infested the sea-coast and rivers. And the western powers—with whom Sun Yat-sen had always advocated co-operation—at the Versailles Treaty agreed to terms with Japan that deeply wounded the Chinese. One power only behaved as though she were a friend—Russia. The Soviet government in 1920 denounced all the unequal treaties that the Tsarist government had made with China, renounced all claim on Chinese territories, without compensation and for ever. Lenin's secretary, Mahlin, visited China, secretly organized the Communist Party there, and publicly recognized Sun as the one power with whom Russia would have relations. The Kuo-min-tang began to accept Communists as members on the understanding that they were loyal to Sun. Russia pledged herself to help the Nationalists to fight imperialism and not to make propaganda for Communism.

Thus it came about that in October 1923 Borodin arrived in Canton. He said to Sun, "I have come here to put myself at the disposal of the Chinese national revolution. Your aim is to fight foreign imperialism, which is also our aim. As to Communism, China is not in a position to discuss it, as conditions are not suitable." Secretly, however, he and other Bolsheviks set to work to plant the seeds of Communism all over China and to organize "cells"<sup>1</sup> for Bolshevik action.

With Sun's approval Borodin began to reorganize

<sup>1</sup> See p. 67.



the Nationalist Party and tighten up its discipline, making it less the personal following of Sun and more democratic, building up authority from local councils holding regular meetings to a central executive having a standing committee; and with right of appeal to a National Congress. Women were for the first time admitted as members. The first Congress was held in January 1924, to which a hundred and ninety-nine members were sent, not only from every province of China, but from Manchuria, Mongolia, Tibet, Turkestan, Sydney, and New York.

Sun's original principles were re-stated in a more comprehensive way. The class-war conception was rejected in the statement that the masses of the country, the intellectuals, the peasants, the labourers, and the merchants must co-operate in the Party. Citizenship was to be refused to all enemies of the people and traitors to the country. In other words, a Party dictatorship was envisaged. This was on the basis of Sun's "Three Stages Project," which looks first to a military period; then to an educative period; and lastly—when peace has come and the people are educated—to its climax in the constitutional creation of a national democratic republic.

On March 12th, 1925, Sun Yat-sen, the greatest leader in modern China's history, died at Peking. As he had desired, a Christian service was held in the Peking Union Medical College. His favourite hymns were sung: "Abide with me," "Jesus, lover of my soul," "Wonderful words of life," and "Peace,

perfect peace." A metal coffin with a crystal top (like that prepared for Lenin) was sent from Moscow. There is a superb national monument above the tomb where he lies near Nanking.

A turmoil of intrigue and crisis, reaction and conflict followed the loss of the leader whom all revered and whose integrity was unassailable. The sensational treachery of the Communists to their promise not to propagate Communism created a vehement reaction. Stalin, Lenin's successor, cabled to Borodin and to M. N. Roy, the Indian Communist then in Nanking who was working with him, ordering them, first, to push forward land-seizure—the method by which the peasants were carried by Lenin into the Communist revolution in Russia<sup>1</sup>—and, secondly, to form a regular Communist army of twenty thousand, as well as fifty thousand peasants' and workers' detachments, to fight the loyal Nationalist Party. Roy rashly showed this to the chief of the Kuo-min-tang on June 1st, 1927. Borodin was furious that Roy had divulged the secret and secured his expulsion from China. In July Borodin resigned, and was allowed to leave China. Sir Frederick Whyte of England took his place as Political Adviser. The break was now complete between the Nationalist Party and the Communist Party.

On December 11th, 1927, a Communist force, reinforced by bandits, broke out in insurrection at Canton and led a wild anarchic orgy of murder

<sup>1</sup> See Chapter III.

and loot. Sporadic devastating banditti raids, chiefly led by Communists, are still wrecking village life in many areas of China.

At last, as Mr L. T. Chen has put it, it became clear that "if China is to live, Communism has to go. China is having to choose between Sun Yat-sen and Lenin as her leader. The one leads to democracy and the other to anarchy. It is a life or death issue. No one realizes the seriousness of the situation better than the thinking Chinese themselves." The Nationalist Party conquered Peiping (Peking) in June 1928, and removed the government to the new capital, Nanking, thus curiously paralleling the transference by the Soviet government of the Russian capital from St Petersburg to Moscow; and that of Turkey from Constantinople to Angora. All three of these migrations have the same motive: to get away from a city having associations with alien things to a truly national centre.

The Nanking Ministry of Foreign Affairs was soon recognized by all foreign governments as the channel for official state communications. On October 4th, 1928, the new government issued its Organic Law, setting up a constitution. That government consists of a supreme State Council of seventeen members with a president who is head of the government; and five Councils (*Yuan* in Chinese), Executive, Legislative, Judicial, Examination, and Control (or Supervisory). It is interesting to note that under this Organic Law the "ist" has been dropped from the word "Nationalist"; we are presented

with the "National Government of the Republic of China." The Nationalist Party is not mentioned in the constitution; but, in practice, the decisions arrived at by the Central Political Council of the Party become automatically the policy of the national government. This is almost identical with the control of the Soviet government by the Communist Party and of the Italian government by the Fascist Party.

The Chinese national government—under the vigorous leadership of its Foreign Minister, Mr C. T. Wang, a Christian of high intellectual power and integrity, whose passion for cancelling the "unequal Treaties" and securing just alternatives has immortalized him as "China Treaties Wang"—has induced the foreign powers to revise their privileges. It has insisted on their signing, first of all, tariff treaties that give China her sovereignty in that important field, and, secondly, treaties to lay the formal but real foundation for the ending of extra-territoriality.<sup>1</sup> These two thorns are now being extracted from the sensitive nationalist consciousness. The third thorn is "foreign concessions."<sup>2</sup> The return of these to China has already begun. It can only be carried through as the national government becomes real master in its own house as against the war-lords of the north. What is certain is that the national government will not rest until all leased territories and concessions have been

<sup>1</sup> The right conferred on certain foreign nationals of being subject to the laws and jurisdiction of their own land.

<sup>2</sup> Places or districts where foreigners reside independently in China.

returned and all foreign troops withdrawn, and until the control of all inland waters and coastal navigation is in the hands of the Chinese government. Here, however, the dreadful vicious circle confronts us: until peace and order are established, the Powers hesitate to give their concessions into the hands of a precarious and staggering government; while, on the other hand, that government can hardly become firmly established when it has not only the war-lords as foes within, but cold critics without; and its fears of Communism are only exceeded by its dread of foreign financial aid to its foes. The great need is of an influence that shall bring all the forces within and without China to work together with a single-minded desire for her good as a harmonious element in a world family of nations.

China's membership of the family of nations, on happy terms, seems far, indeed, from realization at present. Fortunately her age-long dependence on the family, and local self-government based on this clan spirit, as well as the wonderful sense of order of the common people all help to keep China from disintegration. There is, however, one potential force that can, in a supreme degree, give to the Chinese people the qualities that they need. The Communist, the vehemently anti-foreign nationalist, and the foreign imperialist alike would greet with howls of derision the idea that the Chinese Christian community, in fellowship with "the Holy Church throughout all the world," may in the long run be a decisive factor in the reconstruction of China. Is

that not, however, demonstrably true? We do not envisage any political action by the Church. Far from it. But she can create the personal character, the atmosphere, and the rallying centre in which opposed or divided forces can find a place of reconciliation and a higher policy that will carry them all.

How is this possible?

The Christian Church has been steadily growing in China for a century. The fact that its membership is much larger than that of the Nationalist Party is in itself eloquent. What is, however, of far greater moment is that it has a group of leaders—of whom Dr Cheng Ching-yi, Secretary of the National Christian Council of China, is an outstanding example—men of courage, brain, will, and sacrificial devotion. The National Christian Council, on Dr Cheng's inspiration, has called all the Christian community of China in this hour of peril to their land, not to make Christians Nationalists, but to make the nation Christian. A concrete educational, evangelistic, and social "Five Years' Plan" of action for doubling the membership of the Christian community and educating it for the service of God and man in China is being vigorously prosecuted: a spiritual counterpart to the Soviet five years' plan of economic advance.

It is not without significance that the greatest man that modern China has seen found in Christianity not only the inspiration of his ideas and ideals, but the roots of that impregnable, incorruptible integrity which—far more than any intellectual and executive gifts—won for Sun Yat-sen his unparalleled personal



authority. The nationalist forces to-day are full of intrigue and divisive elements precisely for lack of that influence. The greatest single youth movement in China is that made up of the forces of the Young Men's Christian Association with the Student Christian Movement as an integral part. The existing Christian personnel of China includes some of the very flower of China: men of brilliant intellect, incorruptible character, patient perseverance, and peace-making influence. It is common knowledge that on October 23rd, 1930, at Shanghai, Chiang-kai-sheh, President of the National Government in China, was received into the Christian Church in baptism by a Chinese pastor. There is already sufficient strength in the Christian leadership of China, yoked to the unseen spiritual forces that lie ready to her hand, to determine the future of this great country.

And what will be the doom pronounced on the nations that call themselves Christian, and especially upon the Christian communions of the West, unless with hope and faith and friendliness they help China to find internal peace and progress?

Dr Kenneth Scott Latourette, of Yale University, who has reached a commanding expert knowledge that gives his judgment great weight, says of China that "Christianity may well have an enduring and an increasing share in shaping the culture that is beginning to emerge. Should Christianity stamp its impress upon the new China even half as firmly as it has upon Europe and America, the future historian may see in missions in China one of the

most important movements of the past three centuries.”<sup>1</sup>

The whole situation in China rears itself in front of us in one gigantic question-mark. To use the phrase in Sun Yat-sen's will, which every Chinese Nationalist knows by heart, and every Chinese schoolboy repeats every week of his life: “The Revolution is not yet complete.”

Despotism and Communism have both failed in China. But they are both fighting vehemently for ascendancy. Chinese Communist peasant youth organizations, of which the *Young Guards* alone number over a million members, are actively educating a new revolutionary generation. Did Sun point to the way through for China when, as he lay dying, he said to his son, Sun Ko, “I was a Christian to begin with. I have been struggling with the devil more than forty years. You all must struggle as I did, and above all you must trust in God”?

<sup>1</sup> *A History of Christian Missions in China*, by K. S. Latourette. 1929. S.P.C.K.



## CHAPTER V

### THE ARENA OF INDIA

#### I

Two peninsulas of almost equal size jut out from the main mass of Asia. The one on the west we call Europe, which, excluding Russia, occupies 1,950,000 square miles. The other on the south we call India, which occupies 1,800,000 square miles.

Europe is divided into twenty-seven nations speaking rather less than forty languages. India has a population of 356,000,000, peoples as different as is an Albanian from a Dane, speaking over two hundred languages (including dialects), and divided into some two thousand castes. The difference between Teuton and Latin in Europe is insignificant in comparison with the contrast in language, in mentality, and in culture between the warlike Punjabi and the flexible Bengali, the haughty Rajput and the Dravidian outcaste, the high-tempered Mahratta chivalry and the primitive, animistic tribes of the great forests of India. Europe, again, professes one religion, which, in earlier centuries, laid deep and enduring foundations of unity of outlook.<sup>1</sup> India is divided by the chasm between the Hindu

<sup>1</sup> There are a negligible number of Moslems in the south-east.

and Moslem communities, which face each other in growing antagonism.

It would seem a wildly impossible nightmare to dream of Europe as the home of one single nation. Yet in the other sub-continent, with its far greater chasms of difference, we face the insistent, burning passion which we call Indian nationalism. How has this come to pass in India and not in Europe?

Let us imagine that some three centuries ago Japanese explorers discovered the peninsula of Europe. These Japanese conquerors saw possibilities of trade among the European peoples, who were then fighting one another. They proceeded—let us say—to impose the *Pax Japonica* on Europe and to create a single educated class. This class, numbering hundreds of thousands, learned Japanese—the language of their conquerors—and all read a literature that, in its poetry and in its political philosophy, exalted liberty as the greatest of human goals. Having thus educated tens of thousands of youths from every part of Europe,<sup>1</sup> the Japanese had little employment to offer to the majority of them. The energy of these unoccupied educated Europeans would naturally run to agitation for self-government. A great war broke out in which the Japanese were deeply involved. They used a million of the best fighting material of the Europeans, promising to give them when the war was won a great advance toward political freedom.

<sup>1</sup> There are at present 80,000 students in Indian colleges and universities.

The war was won. Would not every fibre of real manhood, reinforced by every element in the ancient culture and the new learning of the Europeans, now cry out for self-government? Should we find it astonishing that a vehement cry went up for "Home Rule for Europe"? Would it be unnatural that thousands of these youths should speak and work, plan and rebel to secure self-government for the vast populations of this European peninsula of Asia? Might we not expect to see some one heroic soul rise as the incarnation and prophetic voice of that ideal? It is to such a day that India has now come. We can best catch the spirit of the new day not by trying to follow the bewildering and constantly rearranged maze of political moves, but by following the story, already thrown on the screen in outline in Chapter I, of the personality that now incarnates for uncounted millions the hitherto unimagined conception of an Indian nation—Mahatma Gandhi.

## II

Gandhi, his frail body wrapped in cream-coloured cloth spun and woven by hand, is seated cross-legged on a mat on the bare floor with a pen in one hand and a pad of paper in the other. Through horn-rimmed spectacles his dark eyes, under brows knit in concentrated thought, gleam with a peculiar intensity. He is writing an article for *Young India*, to explain for the hundredth time the spirit that drives him to carry forward in the face of hostility, and of criticism from multitudes of friends as well as foes, the move-

ment of non-co-operation that will for ever be linked with his name. This is what he is writing :

The movement of non-co-operation is neither anti-Christian nor anti-English, nor anti-European. It is a struggle between religion and irreligion, powers of light and powers of darkness.

... Europe to-day represents not the spirit of God or Christianity, but the spirit of Satan. And Satan's successes are the greatest when he appears with the name of God on his lips. Europe is to-day only nominally Christian. In reality it is worshipping Mammon. "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom." Thus really spoke Jesus Christ. His so-called followers measure their moral progress by their material possessions. The very national anthem of England is anti-Christian. Jesus, who asked his followers to love their enemies even as themselves, could not have sung of his enemies—

*Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks.*

The last war has shown, as nothing else has, the satanic nature of the civilization that dominates Europe to-day. Every canon of public morality has been broken by the victors in the name of virtue. No lie has been considered too foul to be uttered. The motive behind every crime is not religious or spiritual, but grossly material. But the Musulmans and the Hindus who are struggling against the government have religion and honour as their motive.

It is important at the very outset to note here that the heart of Gandhi's fight is not in essence against the British people or their Commonwealth of Nations ; but against what he regards as a soul-destroying, materialist civilization.

He is seated in a little room in the heart of his *ashram*, or community-hermitage, at Ahmedabad. The words that he writes and those that he speaks, nay, even his silences and, still more, his fasting, radiate leadership to a vaster multitude of men and women, old and young, than look to any other living man on earth. His personality achieves what has hitherto been found to be impossible: to reach the ear and affect the life and outlook of old and young, literate and illiterate, in every part of India. How has this come about?

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was born on October 2nd, 1869, in the town of Porbander on the peninsula of Kathiawar, north of Bombay. His father and grandfather were both prime ministers of the small state of Porbander. The boy's father died when he was young. The most powerful and lasting influence on him was that of his mother. He married at twelve years old, while still at the high school.

He decided to go to England to read for the Bar. His relatives were horrified. His mother led him to take a threefold vow before leaving—of chastity, and of abstinence from meat and wine. These vows he strictly kept. Incredible as it may now appear, the idea of becoming a polished English gentleman evidently captured him in England. He dressed with elaborate care in English clothes, took lessons in elocution, in dancing, in the violin, and in French. This phase was indeed short-lived! In the comradeship of a vegetarian society he learned from Dr Josiah Oldfield the rudiments of Christianity. In

London he listened to the great preachers of the day; the man who moved him most was Dr Joseph Parker, whom he listened to repeatedly in the City Temple. He enjoyed the three years in England, and has said that, next to India, he would rather live in London than in any other part of the world.

Having been called to the Bar in London, he went back to India. Law practice came very slowly and he accepted an offer of legal work from an Indian Mohammedan firm in South Africa. There he made intimate friends with some Dutch and English Christians. He read the whole Bible through for the first time. He came, too, under the spell of Tolstoi, and especially of his interpretation of the ideals of non-resistance in the teaching and the life and death of Jesus Christ. At that time, also, he thought very long and earnestly and corresponded with numerous friends as to whether he should accept Christianity. Finally, he decided against it. His faith is really a theism with its roots in Hinduism, and is strongly influenced by Christian ethics.

When his year's contract with the Mohammedan firm elapsed, Gandhi prepared to go home. On the day before he was to leave South Africa, he read a forecast of a bill to take away the vote from the Indians there. He urged his Indian friends to agitate. This was the turning-point of his life; the initiative from which all his subsequent work has grown. He drew up a petition to the government, cancelled his passage, and stayed on in Africa. As an attorney to the Supreme Court of Natal, he gave

himself up to mobilizing and stimulating common thought and action among the Indians in that colony. Then the Boer War broke out. Gandhi formed an Indian Ambulance Corps nearly a thousand strong, who won golden opinions. Gandhi himself carried Lord Roberts' only son out of action under fire.

He went to England again in 1903, and made an unavailing protest against the act passed by the Transvaal government to register all Asiatics by a thumb impression. It was in the fight against this act that Gandhi took the first step in the movement that will always be linked with his name. He led his Indian friends to launch a passive resistance movement and to suffer imprisonment rather than register themselves in the fashion of a convict. Gandhi found himself in prison as a result of this passive disobedience. The government, impressed by the resistance, agreed to a compromise. Afterwards, however, they failed to carry out their part of the contract. So a more serious struggle began, resulting in two more months in prison for Gandhi.

In India and in England agitation took place, especially on the subject of indentured coolie labour, whether Indian or Chinese, in South Africa; and in 1912 the system was abolished. A South African court, however, declared all Indian marriages null and void under Union law, and a tax was levied on all coolies who, when their term of service was over, wished to stay on in Africa. Gandhi himself, at



the head of two thousand people, marched into the Transvaal to call upon the government to come to terms. For this he was sentenced to fifteen months in prison.

In this early activity of Gandhi in South Africa and England we see three things that illuminate both his own life and personality and also the growth of Indian nationalism. First, we feel the man's amazing power of inspiring and unifying poor, uneducated, and undisciplined masses into corporate, powerful action. Secondly, we see him forging the tool of passive resistance that he has since used on the field of India. Thirdly, we get a glimpse of those repercussions of Indian life in overseas British territory which have done so much to stir the pulse of national unity in the heart of India.

Gandhi read the Sermon on the Mount in prison in South Africa, with Thoreau's *Walden*, Tolstoi's *My Religion*, and Ruskin's *Unto this Last*. These gave him illumination for the rest of his life-work. He concentrated his convictions in his book, *Jail Experiences*. In another book, written in Hindi and called *Indian Home Rule*, he worked out his criticism of modern civilization, his vision of the Golden Age to come, and his convictions on *ahimsa* (the spirit of non-violence) and on "soul force." These principles are the clue to almost everything that he says and does.

Gandhi now returned to India, leaving behind him in South Africa a law practice that had been bringing in about three thousand pounds a year.



He gave himself to poverty, wearing the garb of an outcaste and living on just enough food to keep body and soul together, and dedicated himself wholly to the service of his people.

In Ahmedabad, where he made his new Indian home, he saw scores of cotton mills alongside the fungoid growth of tenements for the workers. He saw in the importation of cheap cotton fabrics from Lancashire or Japan, or in the use of those manufactured in Indian mills, the sentence of death to Indian homespun, home-woven fabrics. The use of these would give that extra income which could mitigate to some extent the fearful poverty of India's villages; a peasant could work for six months in the fields and six months at his loom. So Gandhi called on India to boycott not only foreign but Indian mill-made fabrics, making the hand-spinning and hand-weaving of cotton fabrics in villages a religious act as well as an industry.

Gandhi sailed again for England, and landed at Southampton in 1914 on the day that England declared war on Germany. That very day he offered to enlist unconditionally for ambulance work at the front for the duration of the war. His offer was accepted. Owing to exposure while on duty he developed pleurisy. When he had sufficiently recovered he was ordered by the doctors to return to India. There he raised recruits. His best friends were bewildered. Rabindranath Tagore felt and said that by this action Gandhi had compromised his own principles. Gandhi's reply was that it is better to



fight than shrink back as a coward; and that it was mere cowardice and not moral principle that held the villagers back from enlisting. Moral courage, he added, is higher than physical courage; but physical courage is to be preferred to cowardice.

On August 20th, 1917, Britain made a solemn declaration that her policy in reference to India would henceforth be the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire. But after the war a succession of administrative actions—civil and military,<sup>1</sup> which seemed directly contrary to this promise—resulted in a vehement revulsion of feeling in India. Millions (for whom Gandhi became increasingly the semi-divine leader) lost confidence in the honest will of Britain to carry out her promises. We have no space to enter into the ever-changing kaleidoscope of the consequent movement of non-violent civil disobedience.<sup>2</sup>

In January 1931, at the Round Table Conference held in London, following the publication of the Simon Report, Indian Nationalists and princes, with British statesmen of all parties, reached broad conclusions which have as their central principle the building up of a constitution for an All-India Federation within the British Commonwealth. It will be a task of incredible difficulty to reach this goal. It is proposed to place responsibility for the government of India upon "Legislatures, Central and

<sup>1</sup> Detailed by the author in *The Clash of Colour*.

<sup>2</sup> For further reading see bibliography at end.

Provincial, with such provisions as may be necessary to guarantee during a period of transition the observance of certain obligations, and to meet other special circumstances ; and also with such guarantees as are required by minorities to protect their political liberties and rights." <sup>1</sup>

The Round Table Conference effected a great step forward. "The keynote of the whole was an obviously sincere determination that the good work of the Conference should go forward, that its Committees should continue to co-operate, and, above all, that its spirit should persist." <sup>2</sup> But evil forces are incessantly at work fomenting trouble. Reaction may rear its head in Britain and revolution may break into flame in India. At this hour of incalculable promise and peril, every man and woman of goodwill, whether in Britain or in India, must stand for sane, constructive policies.

Progress, and swift progress, towards self-government is essential. It can only be reached by the best minds and the most powerful influences of the East and the West working in sustained and patient co-operation. Non-co-operation points along the road to chaos. And it is training the Indian mind in the worst of all possible schools—that of aloof, destructive criticism, with no responsibility for either proposing or working out an alternative programme.

India—as Edwyn Bevan has pointed out so clearly

<sup>1</sup> Declaration by the Prime Minister on behalf of His Majesty's Government.

<sup>2</sup> *The Times*, 20th January 1931.

in one of the sanest books on the subject, *Thoughts on Indian Discontents*—

... is not weak and disunited because she is under a foreign government; she is under a foreign government because she is disunited and weak. The way to self-government for India is not along the path of the exclusion of the West from India, but by such co-operation between West and East as shall work out a truly Indian nationhood equipped with the tools by which alone it can sustain freedom and enjoy a progressive unity under the strenuous conditions of the modern world.

Asked what practical action can be taken in the present critical juncture, Rabindranath Tagore replied: <sup>1</sup>

I do not believe in any external remedy where inner relations have been so deeply affected. . . . What is most needed is rather a radical change of mind and will and heart. What I really believe in is a meeting between the best minds of the East and the West in order to come to a frank and honourable understanding. If once such an open channel of communication could be cut whereby sincere thought might flow freely between us, unobstructed by mutual jealousy and suspicion, and unimpeded by self-interest and racial pride, then a reconciliation might be reached.

Imagine too, from the Indian side, the revolution in the Indian scene if the attitude<sup>\*</sup> prevailed which has been defined by that great Indian Christian nationalist, K. T. Paul, who died in 1931, his life

<sup>1</sup> *The Guardian* (Calcutta), May 29th, 1930. Quoted from *The Manchester Guardian*.

shortened by heroic labours for unity at the Round Table Conference :

In India no nationalism can be counted as Christian which would be so self-centred as to want isolation, so self-seeking as to exploit other nations, so self-conceited as to despise other cultures, so self-willed as to refuse others' counsels. It will be un-Christian were it only for the terrible beggary which will be the unfailing result of such an attitude.

The greatest empire that the world has ever seen has developed self-government within the vast circle of a common, free loyalty for the nations of Canada, South Africa, and New Zealand—all of western blood and civilization. It now sets itself to the tremendous adventure of sharing that free fellowship with a population three times as great as that of the United States, rooted in a civilization contradicting at almost every vital point that of the West, a congeries of separate and differing peoples subject to oriental despotisms ever since the dawn of time.

Is it exaggerated language to say not only that the progress of the peoples of India, and the future of the British Commonwealth of Nations hang here in the balance, but that the future of race relationships in the world pivots on the success or failure of this great adventure? Success in this test case would go far to draw the poison from the exasperated racial and nationalistic and imperialistic rancours not only of India, but of the Far East, of Africa, and of North America.

## III

British rule in India is not by any means the sole cause for the non-co-operation movement. The issue lies deeper and is wider. Gandhi, as we have seen, lays his charge of "Satanism" at the door of western civilization as a whole. He especially arraigns its industrial capitalist system.

Whether or not Gandhi is right in condemning the new mechanistic civilization as satanic, he is certainly right in seeing in it the power that is transforming the life of India. For that matter, it is transforming the life of the world. Mechanism has created a new civilization. Every day steamships and railway trains carry from Asia, Africa, and the Islands to Europe and the Americas, tea and rice, coffee, cocoa, jute and copper, gold, silver, rubber and petroleum, asbestos and tin, silk, linseed, paper-producing timber, palm oil, and a thousand other products secured for the West by the hands of African, Asiatic, and Island labour. Without these not a newspaper could be printed, not an engine-wheel could turn, nor could any steamship leave port; not a car or bus could have its tyres, its petrol, or its oil; no aeroplanes could fly; not a telephone or wireless set could operate. Nor could we be washed or dressed or fed. Western civilization would crumble and rust.

But the West, in order to keep its spindles whirling, its blast-furnaces burning, and its coal-mines disgorging into tramp-steamers, so as to provide labour for its ever-increasing population, must



also sell its produce to the Indian and his Asiatic fellows. So we find sewing-machines, paraffin-lamps, cotton fabrics, motor cars and buses, cinemas, telephones, railways changing the very life-habit of millions of Indians. What cuts deeper still is that Asia has started western industries in her own territories. If we go to Bombay and stand on Malabar Hill, we see the roofs of the greatest cotton-spinning and weaving centre in Asia. A quarter of a million operatives work in over eighty mills, predominantly in Indian hands. They are having a fierce competitive fight for life owing principally to the competition not of the West but of another oriental race, the Japanese.

If we travel fourteen hundred miles—forty hours' railway journey—east of Bombay, we come to the great jute mills of Calcutta, sprawling along the banks of the Hoogli, and holding a world monopoly. A hundred and fifty miles away are the great Jamshedpur iron and steel works, founded in 1908 by Parsees—the Tatas—in a stretch of scrub-jungle sparsely occupied by animistic, primitive tribes. To-day this embryo Pittsburg of India, with coal to last for at least two hundred years, is spreading over twenty-seven square miles of land, on which a brother of the present Archbishop of York is planning a model industrial town for the hundred thousand inhabitants. The directors are all Indian, as is the finance. They employ about a hundred and fifty British and American controllers and highly skilled mechanics to supervise the steel smelting furnaces

and rolling mills, and thousands of Bengali labourers. So we might travel on to the match factory established by the Swedish Trust in India; and to paper and sugar mills, engineering shops, and tile works. Manufactures grow apace. Nothing can stop the growth of the industrial movement.

A western commercial mind sees progress in all this. But from the point of view of a man like Gandhi, it spells death to the soul of India. The new civilization rolls in like a tide from all sides, and is irresistible.

The cinemas of Bombay alone, in a single week taken at random, advertise to Indian students, artisans, and clerks, whose fathers lived the life that has endured unchanged for three thousand years, the following stew of prize-fighting, sex, love-making, and vulgarity (with apologies to Shakespeare): "The Taming of the Shrew"; "Venus"; "Knockout Reilly"; "The Man about Town"; "The Honeymoon Express"; "His Angel Child"; "Popular Sin"; "The Heart of Salome"; and "Are Scotchmen Tight?"<sup>1</sup>

We can get to the heart of Gandhi's arraignment of the "satanic" system by listening to the essential elements in a long morning's discussion on machinery between Gandhi and a young student, Ramachandran, who had studied under the poet, Rabindranath Tagore, and C. F. Andrews. It clearly illustrates the Mahatma's point of view:<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> May 1930.

<sup>2</sup> *Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas*, pp. 261-263, by C. F. Andrews. (Allen & Unwin.)



"Anything," said Gandhi, "which is a hindrance to the flight of the soul is a delusion and a snare; even like the body, which often does actually hinder you in the path of perfection."

"Are you against all machinery, Bapuji?"<sup>1</sup> asked Ramachandran.

"How can I be," he answered, smiling at Ramachandran's naïve question, "when I know that even the body is a most delicate piece of machinery? The spinning-wheel itself is a machine. What I object to is the craze for machinery, not machinery as such. The craze is for what they call labour-saving machinery. Men go on 'saving labour' till thousands are without work and thrown on the open streets to die of starvation. I want to save time and labour, not for a fraction of mankind, but for all. I want the concentration of wealth, not in the hands of a few, but in the hands of all. To-day machinery merely helps a few to ride on the backs of millions. The impetus behind it all is not the philanthropy to save labour, but greed. It is against this constitution of things that I am fighting with all my might."

"Then, Bapuji," said Ramachandran, "you are fighting not against machinery as such, but against its abuses, which are so much in evidence to-day?"

"I would unhesitatingly say 'yes'; but I would add that scientific truths and discoveries should first of all cease to be the mere instruments of greed. Then labourers will not be overworked, and machinery, instead of becoming a hindrance, will be a help. I am aiming, not at the eradication of all machinery, but its limitation."

Ramachandran said, "When logically argued out, that would seem to imply that all complicated power-driven machinery should go?"

"It might have to go," admitted Gandhi, "but I must make one thing clear. The supreme considera-

<sup>1</sup> This word means "father," and is usually used in addressing Gandhi at his *ashram*.

tion is man. The machine should not tend to make atrophied the limbs of men. For instance, I would make intelligent exceptions. Take the case of the Singer sewing machine. It is one of the few useful things ever invented, and there is a romance about the device itself. Mr Singer saw his wife labouring over the tedious process of sewing with her own hands, and simply out of his love for her he devised the sewing machine, in order to save her from unnecessary labour. He, however, saved not only her labour, but also the labour of everyone who could purchase a sewing machine."

"But in that case," said Ramachandran, "there would have to be a factory for making these Singer sewing machines, and it would have to contain power-driven machinery of the ordinary type?"

"Yes," said Bapu, smiling at Ramachandran's eager opposition, "but I am Socialist enough to say that such factories should be nationalized. They ought only to be working under the most attractive conditions, not for profit, but for the benefit of humanity, love taking the place of greed as the motive-power. It is an alteration in the conditions of labour that I want."

The inconsistencies in Gandhi's argument are obvious; and he appears to ignore the extent to which the ordinary round of an Indian peasant, bereft of machines, is and has been a dreary routine of endless labour for millions, securing feeble crops from impoverished soil—a result which has no spiritual value in itself. But these inconsistencies should not blind us to the passionate longing that burns in Gandhi for a rich spiritual life, not only for his own people, but for the whole world. He sees in the vast Juggernaut of mechanistic progress "a satanic power," reducing to atrophy in man that

which in the mind of Gandhi (as of Christ) is of infinitely more importance than either his body, its raiment, or its food—his immortal soul. We, too, can share Gandhi's concern. It was an Englishman of penetrating vision, Blake, who first called mills "satanic."

The forces by which Gandhi would achieve his aim lie in the world of the spirit. He sees the salvation of the world in the active radiation of spiritual forces. He lives in a small community dedicated to *Satyagraha*. Gandhi uses this word "Satyagraha" to describe the very core of his gospel. It stands for the active soul-force of love as distinguished from the negative aspect of mere passive resistance. He sees *Satyagraha* represented in its purest form in Jesus Christ, Daniel, and Socrates. The word *ahimsa* is a negative word meaning "not killing," or "non-violence," or harmlessness, but it takes on in Gandhi's life and practice the positive note of love for all created things.

What Gandhi is fighting in India by this soul-force is not simply an ogre that haunts the Indian world; it is a giant machine that is devouring the whole earth. It is a new civilization; not a new religion based on a new creed or preached by a new prophet, but a new way of life.

The instrument, the slave or master of this new civilization is, as we see, the machine. In the romance called *Frankenstein*, the man created a servant that became a monster and a tyrant over him. To-day the machine, wedded to new systems of "rationaliza-

tion," of "Taylorism," of "standardization," is becoming a Frankenstein's monster that threatens to tyrannize over its creator. It cramps and stifles the soul. It turns out "standardized" men by mass-production. It creates a civilization in which the immaterial things take flight, like a butterfly from an engine-room, and lovely things wither, like a flower in a factory yard. This fear of something in machinery that destroys the soul, that will, Gandhi fears, destroy the very genius of India, is what causes him to denounce this western mechanistic civilization as "satanic."

Is that, however, the last word? Are not the engineers who drain a marsh, irrigate a desert, bridge a chasm, help to make new aeroplanes or wireless apparatus; men who create better sanitation or smokeless cities, or make garden towns around sunlit factories: are not all who thus harness mechanism to the human spirit for high ends, really "conquerors by the grace of God"?

There is, however, another influence of this mechanistic civilization which is at war with the life of the spirit. The parent of this prolific world civilization is science. The conquest of the world by mechanism is creating all over the world an outlook, an attitude to life which has no place for the supernatural. The universe is a machine controlled by inflexible natural laws. We find what is called "the secular view of life." A belief in God seems superfluous. Any notion of an eternal purpose running through life, or of the ultimate responsi-

bility of man to a divine, eternal standard for his conduct, or of the personal immortality of the soul, disappears. Prayer is, in such a view of life, senseless—mere self-hypnotism. Worship is an empty farce. In uncounted minds the religions of Asia have gone down before this attack. Obviously Jesus' revelation of the world-order as centring in a Father-God ceases to have authority if there is no supernatural.<sup>1</sup>

Gandhi denounces the civilization that he sees as "satanic." So far as mechanistic industrialism exploits man and cramps his soul, Gandhi is right. But when Gandhi was carried to the Sassoon Hospital at Poona in a motor car and lay on the operating-table, science, allied with the machinery it had created, saved his life. No one can conceive how marvellous would be the increase in India's human happiness, what new freedom of soul and healthiness of body she would experience if she had sanitary engineering, the control of epidemic and contagious diseases by a proper medical service unhampered by superstition and caste-law; if she could profit by the application of machinery to agriculture—which is, surely, the precise equivalent of beating swords into ploughshares—or by the still wider development of engineering irrigation works, which, in the most literal sense, "make the desert blossom as a rose." How is the kingdom less a Kingdom of God if the

<sup>1</sup> The arguments that show a spiritual view of life to be congruous with science cannot be opened up here. They would require a book. Readers may be commended to such volumes as Streeter's *Reality* and Cairns' *The Faith that Rebels* (see Bibliography).

fulfilment of these ancient prophecies comes from following the laws of modern science? One thing and one thing only is essential to the Kingdom of God—that the will of God be done. Engines, machines, drain-pipes, pumps, irrigation, canal locks, motor cars, aeroplanes, cables, wireless, steamships—all the host of technical miracles can be the instruments of Christ in His programme which seeks—

*to preach the good news to the poor,  
to heal the broken-hearted,  
to proclaim freedom to captives,  
and recovering of sight to the blind,  
to set at liberty them that are bruised,  
to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.*

In a word, the machine-age is an age when an all-powerful instrument—science applied to the conquest of nature—has been put into the hands of man. With it he can enslave the world and himself, or he can free the world and himself. Man may be a slave of the machine, or the machine may be an instrument of the spirit. How can we decide that issue? Gandhi, true to the spirit of Hinduism, looks along Hinduism's eternal path—the way of escape from the illusion, the curse of material life. Christianity takes precisely the opposite path. It refuses either to let the material dictate terms or to fly from it. It conquers it. Redemption is the conquest of evil, gained not by flying from it, but by facing and fighting it even to death.

But western civilization has failed to follow Christ in so far as it has allowed the machine to conquer



the spirit and to become an agent of greed and an instrument of Mammon. In sounding the alarm and trumpeting the menace of a mechanistic age, Gandhi makes a magnificent contribution to the world's life. Light from the East may again help the West to save its soul alive.

. . . . .

We have seen that neither in its search for self-government nor in its economic and social problems can India in this interdependent world find her way alone. We have seen that the British Commonwealth of Nations, as a group of purely western nations, would be incalculably poorer without the greatness of her Indian citizenship. We have seen, again, that western civilization, with its purblind pursuit of material wealth and machine-production, may lose its soul without the challenge and comradeship of the East. This is a situation in which the master-word is not non-co-operation, but co-operation.

Men of the East and of the West can join hands in fighting the satanic in world civilization—not to destroy that civilization, but to redeem it, and to work out a place for a free India within the expanding loyalties of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

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## CHAPTER VI

### JESUS AND NATIONALISM

NONE of the leaders of these great world forces, whose stormy movements we are trying to understand, seems able to forget the figure of Jesus of Nazareth.

Lenin denounces His influence as the greatest of all ills because His Church "dopes" the masses into quiescence while the capitalist exploits them. Gandhi, when he looks round the world for the supreme illustration of that soul-force by which he would see India saved, speaks first of Jesus. We even get such naïve but significant appeals as that made in *The Indian Social Reformer*,<sup>1</sup> calling the Christian Church in India to throw itself into the campaign of civil disobedience as disciples of Christ:

If [writes Brother Shamras, an Indian Christian] the Indian Church wishes to gain its true nobility as a worthy representative of Him who was the slave of no man, and yet servant of all, let her throw herself heart and soul into the bloodless crusade. Let them show forth in actual conduct the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. Let them have in every church the Roll of Honour of those who are imprisoned for their country's sake. Let them strike out of their prayer books prayers for the Imperial Government. . . . Let them come down to the level

<sup>1</sup> May 31st, 1930.



of Jesus Christ who awaits His proud, richly dressed, well-fed disciples in the valley of humility. . . .

I wish to propose therefore that a league of Christian Indian Patriots be formed to bind themselves together to work for the freedom and the uplift of their country under the patronage of Mahatma Gandhi and the President of the Congress.

Or, again, Sun Yat-sen, as we have seen, claims Jesus as the Supreme Revolutionary.

Why is this ? What can Jesus, born in a small city in the ancient oriental static world, have to say that is real and powerful in face of modern world movements like nationalism, Bolshevism, and our new materialist, mechanistic civilization ? Why is "that Strange Man upon His Cross" so inescapable ?

## I

Jesus' nation in His lifetime was tingling with the most vehement nationalism that the world has ever seen. And that nationalism was in such conflict with the greatest imperialism that had ever yet existed, that, in the hundred years ending with Jesus' death, fully two hundred thousand Jews were slain by the Romans in putting down nationalist revolts, even before the appalling massacres of A.D. 70, when Jerusalem fell.

To the Jew of Jesus' time, his nation was the pivot of the whole world. His religion was national. Jehovah was his nation's God. The worship of Jehovah was centred in Jerusalem, the capital of the nation ; and in spite of the synagogues erected for congregational worship in every large town through-

out the empire, to perform the sacrificial worship of God the people must come from all over the world to that centre. A Greek or a Persian or a Gaul could only share completely in the worship of Jehovah by becoming a Jew—that is, by losing his nationality as a Greek or a Persian. Full salvation lay in obedience to the law given to the Jewish nation by God through Moses, and sin was disobedience to that law.

The vision that kept the Jewish nation on the tiptoe of expectation in Jesus' time was that of a national Messiah who would come and reign on the throne of David in Jerusalem, sweeping the Romans away and giving to the Jews authority over the other nations. We can take two out of a multitude of illustrations to show how this vibrant, passionate nationalism presented itself to Jesus day by day in different dramatic and tragic forms. When He was in His thirteenth year, ten thousand youths initiated a nationalist revolt under Judas the Galilean, starting from Sepphoris, only three miles from Jesus' home in Nazareth, with the war-cry—"No King save the Lord!" We can imagine the sensations of the boy on seeing, from His hill-top, that whole city go up in flames when Varus, the Roman general, having crushed the revolt, crucified two thousand of the rebels, and transported many thousands of the others to Rome as slaves. In the same year Jesus went up to the Temple with His parents, and as He went up the steps from the outer court of the Gentiles to the inner one—the Terrace, as it was called—He

was faced by the following inscription, carved in Greek capital letters so that everybody, and not only Jews, could read it:

LET NO FOREIGNER ENTER WITHIN  
THE SCREEN AND ENCLOSURE AROUND  
THE HOLY PLACE. WHOSOEVER IS TAKEN  
SO DOING WILL HIMSELF BE THE  
CAUSE THAT DEATH OVERTAKES HIM.

We might therefore expect Jesus to be a keen nationalist, and nothing illustrates His originality and His independence of the accepted values of His day more profoundly or dramatically than the way in which His teaching lifts every one of these narrower national ideas into a universal setting and significance. He transforms a national Jehovah into the Father of all men. He accepts the character of Messiah and transmutes this intensely national idea into that of a universal Saviour. The vision of a Jewish national kingdom, ruled from the throne of David, broadens into a world-wide Kingdom of God.

When Jesus, at His baptism, heard the voice of God in His soul claiming Him as His son, He saw Himself (it is quite clear) as Messiah. The central feature of the subsequent temptations was His rejection of the obvious openings for securing for Himself and for His nation world dominion. He rejected them on the ground that controlled every decision in His life—the question whether they were or were not consistent with the character of God. Herod Antipas thought, not unnaturally, that Jesus

was leading a nationalist movement. At that very same time a mass movement at the north end of the Lake of Galilee endeavoured to make Him a national king after His feeding of the crowd. But He rejected their aim, and His definite refusal to play the part of the national hero-king-Messiah marks the very point when the nationalist crowds of Galilean disciples began to fade away.

In positively sensational ways, on the basis of the world fatherhood of God, Jesus broke through or bridged over nationalist or class or sex distinctions. The detestation of Samaritans by Jews went back to the time when the Samaritans, in exile in Babylon, corrupted Semitic blood by marrying Assyrians and corrupted national religious purity by worshipping foreign gods. This was why the Jews rejected the Samaritans' offer to rebuild the Temple after the exile, and this inference that they would pollute the holy place burned into the very soul of the Samaritans who built their rival temple on Mount Gerizim. But Jesus talked with the Samaritan woman, defying at once the nationalist anger, and the very strong contemporary feeling of the shamefulness of speaking in public to a woman. He rebuked James and John for wanting to bring fire from heaven to burn up a Samaritan village. He chose a Samaritan as the type of the Good Neighbour. All this reveals Jesus' deliberate rejection of national or racial barriers as valid and of merely national aims as final.

The fact that He sent His disciples out as apostles or messengers with instructions not to go to anybody

but Jews seems, at first sight, to stand in sharp contrast to His usual attitude. It is, in fact, of priceless value as a picture of His positive conception of the value of the nation. He saw the whole continuous story of the Old Testament as the record of God's preparation and discipline of the Jewish nation for a world task. The Jews had the richest treasure in the world, far more precious than either the Greeks' philosophy and sense of beauty or Roman order and peace. That treasure was the knowledge that the Creator is one, is personal, and is good.

Jesus gave His good news of the Kingdom of God to the disciples to carry primarily to the Jews so that the Jews, as Isaiah had foreseen in his picture of the suffering servant of God, might reveal Him to the world. In a word: Jesus saw national gifts as things not to be hoarded by one nation, but to be held in trusteeship for the world. The Jews, being in possession of this treasure of knowledge about God, were equipped as no other nation was to grasp and to teach the full knowledge of God that was in Jesus Christ. They were already dispersed throughout the world, so the swiftest and most certain way of carrying the Gospel to the world was that the Jewish nation should accept it and then proclaim it among all nations. Jesus offered to His nation the most splendid task and the most glorious destiny ever conceived of for a people—that of sharing with all nations the greatest thing in the world. Thus Jesus blended the highest patriotism with the completest internationalism. Indeed, His

death came directly out of this clash of His own conception of nationalism with the official policy of the Sanhedrin (the National Council) and with the colossal financial interests centred in the Temple, and most of all in its High Priestly family, the head of which was Annas, whose representative at Jesus' death was Caiaphas, his son-in-law.

Jesus' last act before He was taken prisoner was to transform the old national covenant between God and the Jews, with its Passover symbols, into an immortal channel of the life-blood of His new community, a world-wide Israel. The unity of that fellowship of His disciples lay in the fact that they were members of His body. In that membership, national or racial, social or sex differences are caught up into a higher unity. His Church is, by its very definition as well as by its inner life, a supra-national, world-wide fellowship. The revelation of the love of God and of the suffering of God for the sin of man as shown in one historic act on the Cross, has obviously no national limitation, and when Jesus rose into new life, it was by the power of the God who is all the time creating and re-creating His universe.

It was swiftly proved on the morning of Pentecost, within a few weeks of Jesus' departure from His disciples, that the response of the human soul to the love that was shown in Christ has no national, racial limit. But many of the early group in Jerusalem could not see this. The first great fight within the early Christian community was against those who wanted to make non-Jews submit to the rite by which a man

becomes a Jew before allowing him to become a Christian. The group, however, laid its mind open to the guidance of the Holy Spirit of God. In this they followed such leaders as Philip and Stephen, Peter (when not under the pressure of the Jerusalem conservatives), and, above all, Paul. Thus, Christianity was, so to speak, lifted out of the national garden of Judaism, and planted in the soil of humanity.

After his conversion, Paul gave the immense explosive and creative energy of his personality to spreading this new revolutionary truth. Christ (Paul says) lifts the man who lives in Him into sonship with God. He is free and is in the family; and that family necessarily knows no limits of nation or culture or race or class. Those who so live are literally a new order of humanity; they are already the Kingdom of God.

The thoughts and ideas, the bonds, the motives and the aims common to that Christian society were governed by the principle of the Kingdom of God. The divisions between Jew and Gentile, Greek and barbarian, rich and poor, slave and free were all cancelled in the Church—and nowhere else. Men who through Christ knew God had something in common that made all differences between them irrelevant and that would inevitably destroy them.

The Christian faith won its way in the Roman world, not because it ran in an arena in which there were no competitors, for there were scores of rival faiths. It triumphed because it and it alone was rooted in Divine Reality, met the whole range of



human need and pointed to a universal human society that should be divine. Where the Stoic philosopher gave moral maxims to the few, Christianity gave moral power to the multitude. Where sorcerers worked by fear of the world of spirits, Christianity opened the glorious freedom of the spacious love of God that casts out fear. There were many religions ; Christianity was a conquering Faith. It linked men into an eternal, supernatural, supra-national catholic brotherhood—the Church of the Redeemed.

And so the Church lives among humanity to-day. It has all those divine resources still ready to be released in and through it to redeem the world. The succession is unbroken. The one difference is that to-day it is world-wide and embraces men of all nations.

As young athletes ran torch in hand in the Greek relay-race, each as he fell out passing the flame to the next, so the athletic spirits of the Christian society have carried the light through the centuries from continent to continent. The torch that Paul and Peter with their fellows carried to Rome was borne across Apennine and Alp by land and sea to the Saxons and Celts of Britain and Ireland. From such as Columba and Patrick, Aidan, Augustine, and Wilfred of Sussex, the North Sea islanders and Northern Europeans received the light.

Other hands caught the torch and carried it across the Atlantic to the Americas. By camel-track, slave-trail, and sailing ship it was taken into Asia, Africa, and the Islands. To follow the story



of Polycarp, Francis, and Raymond Lull, of Penn and Livingstone, Patteson, Mackay, and Martyn, Carey, David Hill, and Khama, Mary Slessor, Kapiolani, and Kagawa with their comrades, and to think of the myriad unknown heroes and heroines who have given their lives to spread the light, is to feel sinew braced and nerve quickened.

It is not enough, however, to watch and be thrilled as we

*See the race of hero-spirits  
Pass the torch from hand to hand.*

The race is not yet won. We are in it. It is, indeed, at its most strenuous and exciting instant. Eager rival teams, such as run with athletic speed bearing the torch of Bolshevism that Lenin lighted and carried with heroic devotion, contemptuously challenge the Christian to gird his loins for a tense world contest. The ancient proverb, coined by the Greeks as they watched their relay-race: "Those who have the torch should pass on the light," has to-day a novel and momentous urgency. There is a fresh realism and a sleep-shattering summons in the bugle-call of the greatest of all these torch-bearers: "Do you not know that they who run in a race all run; but one wins the prize.

"So run that you may be victorious."

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## CHAPTER VII

### THE CLASH OF VALUES

#### I

THAT world fellowship, the Christian society, faces to-day an historic hour: the clash of the titanic forces of nationalism, Bolshevism, and mechanistic materialism has created a world crisis. Into that arena all of us—no matter to what race or nation or class we belong, or in what continent or island we live—are irresistibly drawn. From the consequences of this clash, whether disastrous or glorious, none of our children will escape. What, we all ask, will come of it? Above all, what has the Fellowship that lives to proclaim the Kingdom of God to say and to do at such a time?

Let us review the scene surveyed in this book. The momentum of change is breaking every existing frame in which man has tried to set his life. The family, the nation, the state; parliament, trades unions, chambers of commerce, international law, empire—every single category of human life is, as we have seen, not simply challenged, but dissolving and reshaping under our eyes.

It is a crisis in the life of systems of society, with dramatic adventures in Fascism and in Bolshevism, as well as in the grafting of secular western govern-

ment and civilization upon ancient oriental nations. It is, in an even deeper and more revolutionary sense, a crisis in the individual lives of men and women of every race.

Have the old authorities—moral or spiritual or governmental—any real meaning for us ?

Men everywhere peer into the turmoil of this turbulent human scene in search of some sign from which the future of our race may be divined. Those who look deeper still are asking the supreme question—Is there anywhere a master-word that can guide humanity ? Has any prophetic voice—whether of scientist or master-organizer, statesman or philosopher, theologian or poet—a message to give us ? Are there anywhere the engineer's "blue prints" of a new world order ? These questions are being asked not by the philosopher only, or by the statesman, but in discussions in the railway train, the club, the public house, by the fireside. They are debated by wireless. They fill the world with their clamour. Are they to remain unanswered ?

Is it not possible to gather up into some single principle the forces that drive the contemporary tempest and to envisage a Power that can shape a new order and lead men toward expanding horizons of rich, full-blooded life ?

That brilliant European publicist, Monsieur André Siegfried, closes his searching book, *America comes of Age*, with these words, in which he sums up the situation as he sees it : "So the discussion broadens until it becomes a dialogue, as it were, between

Ford and Gandhi." Like most generalizations, this gives us too simple a picture. A dialogue is too narrow. We see Lenin, for instance, sharing in that discussion. But it does throw a gleam of light upon our problem. The moment we ask ourselves—"What would Ford and Gandhi and Lenin discuss?"—we realize that their root question would inevitably be—"What are our final values?" Is there, they would be bound to ask, any ultimate, eternal standard of values true for all men; any touchstone by which we can test and grade those forces that are fighting for supremacy? This standard, to be real, must be true to the make-up of the universe. Otherwise it will be nothing but a convenient fiction by which men may, for a time, agree to live, but it will have no real authority.

By what actual standards are men living to-day? To the fervent nationalist, the final value is the glory of his nation. For that he lives and is ready, not only to die, but to sacrifice other nations. To the convinced Communist, the final value is the material well-being of the proletariat. For that he lives and is ready to die; his very principles look to a class-war to destroy the capitalists and the *bourgeoisie*. To the secular materialist, the final good is the triumph of a mechanistic civilization, eternally increasing its production of goods and raising the material standard of living.

Are these true values? Do they correspond with reality? Can a good world order be built on any of them? Are they or are they not foundations for

a lasting world order? If so, let us live so that they capture the world. If not, let us give them up.

## II

Let us look at the other forces, taking first nationalism. Millions who give undivided fighting loyalty to their own nation claim that the national state is an end in itself and that no limitation of its absolute sovereignty can be brooked. But is that true? Is there no law higher than that of a nation's will?

The first challenge to this insistence on the nation's will as ultimate is the very practical one that these sovereign states are part of a world where interdependence and not separatism is the deepest reality: interdependence on one another for the supply of daily food, for clothing, and for the very life-blood of civilization. A state must, of course, be sovereign over its own subjects, although even that domestic sovereignty is limited by the higher authority of the eternal law of God. It is surely, however, definitely sinful that a sovereign nation should believe (and act on the belief) that there is no higher law governing its relation to other states.

Take a modern analogy. The captain of an Atlantic liner has sovereign authority on his ship. But, if he drives that ship across the ocean regardless of the laws of the sea, the rules of ocean traffic, the well-being and safety of other ships than his own, then his conception of his sovereign authority is in

itself immoral and in its results disastrous. But that is precisely how the pre-war world thought of national sovereignty, and that is one of the greatest of the forces that hurled us into the world war. This conception is still prevalent in some quarters in the post-war world.

We may agree that the nation is as natural and right and permanent a grouping of human beings as is the family. It is one of those widening concentric rings which, with the individual as the centre, expand to the family, the village or city, and finally become the nation. But is it true either to the economic or racial or spiritual make-up of the world that it should stop short at the nation and fail to go on to the world of humanity? Must not that be our goal?

If so, how and where are we to find not only a guiding principle, but a moral power which will transform the present pugnacious nationalistic states into a co-operative world? Is it—as H. G. Wells argues—only possible by the abolition of the national state in favour of a world republic? To be international is not necessarily to be anti-national. We need no more destroy the nation than the family. Is not the solution rather to bring the life of the nations into line with the world economic fact of interdependence and with the world spiritual fact of God's fatherhood? But how can that be achieved?

When St Paul stood at the intellectual centre of the world of his day—Athens—and on a hill dedicated to the god of war, declared that "God

has made of one blood all nations of men to dwell upon the earth," he was challenging men with ultimate and essential reality. That truth which was shown in the teaching and life and death of Jesus Christ, and is proved—Paul said in that same speech—by His Risen Life, is that the Creator of the universe is Father and that in Him all His children are of one family. If we accept God's fatherhood as a true statement of reality, we cannot think of human relationships in any other terms. That, for a Christian, is a real and final root of world values.

The new community of the disciples of Jesus were driven by the Spirit of God, often reluctantly and against their previous education and prejudice, to the revolutionary truth that in Christ "there is neither Jew nor Greek," that is, that there is no exclusive nationalism; "neither Scythian nor barbarian," that is, that there is no ultimate cultural cleavage; "neither bond nor free," that is, that there can be no class war. They were driven to that, not by the logic of an intellectual dialectic, nor by the authority of an ecclesiastical creed, but by the sheer irresistible drive of real experience. They knew that it was true because it had happened to themselves.

We have found that not only is the enthusiasm of millions for Bolshevism, Fascism, and Turkish, Arabic, Indian, and Chinese nationalism caught up into passionate loyalty to great leaders—Lenin or Mussolini, Mustapha Kemal or Ibn Sa'oud, Gandhi or Sun Yat-sen—but that those systems and ideals

of government exercise their power not so much through formulæ as through these personalities.

This is true in an infinitely higher degree, indeed completely, of Christianity. In Christianity we have, we believe, the ultimate values of the universe, expressed not in rules or law or a creed or commandments, but in a Person and in a Life. It differs from all other standards of value in two elements that are vital to the problem with which we are now grappling, that of building a new and good world order.

First, Jesus really lived as a Person on the plane of history among men; and in Himself, in His life and death on earth, He showed to man perfectly the innermost character of the Creator. He showed God to be Father. He showed God's love for humanity in action; and God's view of how man should live. And He Himself lived man's life in a way that was completely true to the character of God. In Him these ultimate values took flesh and blood, without compromise and without alloy. His revelation of them is perfect and consistent. In the Cross we see the suffering that comes from the acceptance by men of false standards—like the hard, materialistic nationalism of Caiaphas and the time-serving imperialism of Pilate—in a word, what sin costs God. And we see God's holy love in final conflict with sin.

Secondly, Jesus Christ is not simply an historic life but an ever-living Person. He was dead and is alive again. It is not that long ago He set before us a programme, but that at all times through sustained



contact with His Spirit we can get knowledge and power to meet the situation that faces us at any given time. And the supreme thing from the point of view of our problem is that this knowledge and power are available not only for the individual, but for the world community of His disciples. It can obtain them, if it wills, by sustaining fellowship with Him and within itself.

Christianity, then, is not a law enforced ; but a life sustained and guided by a loyalty. It is not only a life, it is Life ; and the Life is the Light of men. Daily living touch with that Life is the guide to conduct. Where that Life is present there is the Kingdom of God on earth.

It would be ridiculous even to suggest that the world fellowship of the Church has ever either seen completely or stood consistently for these eternal values of the Kingdom of God. It is, indeed, a favourite form of satire to speak of the "so-called" Christian nations of western civilization. They carry the name of Christ, we say, but they are not really Christian. No one can deny that, if we use "Christian" in its full sense, then neither as individuals, nor as churches, still less as peoples, can the West claim to be Christian. We fall into a fatal error, however, if we let that blind us to the great fact that the general western standard of moral behaviour is of Christian inspiration. We fall below it and contradict it ; but we recognize it as really true.

The Church has betrayed Christ repeatedly ; it has been captured again and again by nationalism

or imperialism. Rome has conquered Galilee—for a time. But again and again the heaven works and changes the lump. The seed dies in the ground, but springs up to rich harvest. The boulder is rolled away and death is conquered by Life. And so it will be again. Indeed, may we not be at this hour at the dawn of a new day, when a world that has seen the Caiaphas of false nationalism and the Pilate of greedy imperialism crucify Love in a world war will cry in astonishment—"Christ is Risen"?

In each of us individually, and in all of us collectively in social and cultural life, in politics and economics, are large areas of essential heathenism. Every man has in him—and every nation and class and civilization has in it—vast ranges of secularism, or materialism, of downright, selfish sin. But the goal of the Christian is the perfection of God Himself—"Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect."

### III

If we look at the scene in front of us on earth, what concrete attempts can we see at a world solution of our problem made in terms of realizing these eternal Christian values in actual life? Let us take the attempt to create a world-wide society of nations at peace with each other and co-operating for the good of humanity.

When at the end of the world war the best

creative minds set to work on this problem, they went back to the Christian principle of universality that we have seen expressed by St Paul and in the life of the Church, and they related it to the new fact of world interdependence. On the basis of those two factors, linked with the actual fact of the existing national states, the Covenant of the League of Nations was shaped. It is very imperfect owing to the whole setting in which it was framed. But it exists; it works; and it is being reshaped to new needs all the while.

To-day for the first time humanity has at hand in the League of Nations an instrument for settling international disputes. And that instrument has the power—if the nations in it are of a common and rational mind—to coerce into reasonableness any single nation that threatens to ruin the whole life of man on the planet by precipitating war.

The Kellogg Peace Pact has reinforced that new authority of the nations acting through their League. That Pact has definitely and concretely defined war as a crime—which is a decision new and unique in the world. This creates the juridical basis on which the new international law for the world can be built. And it is a world-wide, solemn recognition of the fact that other ways than war of settling international disputes can and must be used. In a word, the League has already become a new organized community of nations. We see growing into life a definite society. It is not a vague agreement between nations, but a real corporate personality, with limbs

to serve it, existing as the supreme fact in the world's international law.

The League of Nations, then, is a commonwealth ; and it is so, not by the will of a few idealists, but by the irresistible pressure of the new world situation in which we live. A world organization such as the League is not the Assembly, or the Council, or the Secretariat or the Permanent Mandates Commission, or other groups ; nor is it the sum of them all. These, indeed, are the instruments of the League. The League itself is, and any organization that may grow out of it always must be, more than the sum-total of the nations that make it.

The League, with the International Labour Office and the Permanent International Court, is not merely one example among others of international activity. It represents a collective will to create a new body in which man's common economic, political, and social needs can find channels for expression. As such it is essentially moral in its goal. Every decision it makes, every action it takes, are morally and therefore spiritually significant for good or evil. If that is so, then its success depends upon the regnancy among men of all nations of Christ's spirit. Its strength and its weakness spring from the soul of the world. And that soul is in the last resort individual ; it lives in you and me as teacher or writer, member of Parliament or waitress, speaker or preacher, business man or professional man, mechanic or master of international finance. So the greatest adventure ever conceived toward creating world-wide co-opera-

tion rests upon the rule of Christ in the souls of men ; in a word, on His Church.

Although the Armageddon in which we are engaged is world-wide, nevertheless the battlefield ultimately lies in the secret loyalties of each of us. The final evil to be conquered is the selfishness and pride within each of us. Nationalism is our own individual will to ascendancy and our own conceit magnified and generalized. Mechanistic civilization exploiting weaker peoples is our own individual greed of gain projected on a world scale. And our own selfishness, our pride and greed, can only be conquered by supernatural power breaking in on our lives and changing their very motive. We must be born again.

If we are to create a world order based on justice and love, those values must reign in our own lives. The world crisis can only be met by a change in the very heart of each one of us. But that renewed heart must express itself in daily action, and must be related to the life of the whole world. We can do this as individuals—in all our human contacts, in the family, in our business or profession, as citizens of our home town or suburb, our nation, and of the world.

#### IV

A spiritual Armageddon, then, is being fought out on the plains of contemporary history. In and through all the confusion and the welter of conflicting forces, the supreme issue daily becomes clearer. The clash of national antagonisms, the

ceaseless fight of Bolshevism for world empire and the incessant flow of the tides of materialist civilization dramatize for us this titanic world-shaking clash of two universalisms: we are moving toward the hour when we shall see only Christ and Mammon erect, facing each other on earth.

Christ stands there in the midst of His world community, calling His disciples to shake off all secret loyalties to Mammon, and to give life itself to a world-wide enthronement of Christian values in our day. Nothing short of the world dominion of Christ is adequate.

The Church, which is His body on earth, His arm in this conflict, possesses to-day new and spiritual powers. First, it now exists as a living reality, rooted in the soil of every land. In China and Japan, India and Africa, in the Moslem lands of the near and middle East, in the Islands and in Malaysia there are living, growing communities, the fruit of missionary service; groups of folk who accept the Christian values and want to live by them and see them realized on a world scale. Where St Paul could count scores who would receive his letters, to-day those epistles are read by millions, and in every nation under heaven.

Nor do those groups live and plan and work in isolation. There is now a National Christian Council in each of those lands for common consultation and action with regard to the problems facing Christianity in each country. Not only so; these National Councils are now linked into a world-wide comrade-

ship—the International Missionary Council.<sup>1</sup> We are, then, beginning to see in this generation for the first time in all history the growth of Churches self-directing within each nation, but integrated in a world fellowship. The glorious prospects of unity to which that points lie beyond our present horizon. Our concern is with this crisis. From the point of view of the strategy of our war, it is great gain that the Church can now focus in one picture those evils afflicting humanity which it is a central function of the Church to fight and overcome. And it can measure itself and its allies as a single force in conflict with those evils. Scientific secular civilization has smitten “a pathway to the ends of all the earth,” by wireless, by cable, by liner, by railway, by air, by book and periodical. These are all, if we will use them, new roads to the City of God.

The Church is very old, but she is eternally young, and to-day she is pulsating with the blood of men of all nations. She is, indeed, immortal, through the fact that her life is bound up with that of her Lord. She is the mother of civilizations, and has nourished this wayward western world of Greco-Latin culture and law. But if that civilization were to die, the Church would live on. Indeed, she is not only destined to be the nurse of other civilizations coming to new growth under the sky of Asia and on the soil of Africa, but she has it in her to rear a world family

<sup>1</sup> Which gathered together at Jerusalem in 1928 delegates from the Christian leadership of some fifty different countries, the number from the Churches of Asia, Africa, and Latin America being approximately the same as those from Europe, America, and Australia.

whose children will enrich mankind with the splendour of their differing gifts irradiated by their common love.

The Church may seem to-day in the vast conflict of this human scene to hold a thin line with tenuous forces against enormous odds. But such hours have in her story, again and again, been the dawn of new victory. Did Paul or Francis, Wesley or Carey count odds in human terms? The very idea never crosses the mind of men who are under divine commission, and whose ultimate loyalty is to the Kingdom of God. It is Mussolini's shrewd criticism of international Communism (as contrasted with nationalism) that "the unit of loyalty is too large." Those who are committed to that even wider universalism of Christianity (wider in that, unlike Bolshevism, it is not confined to one class, but embraces humanity) are not, however, under this disadvantage—for the unit of their loyalty is a Person, Jesus Christ. Indeed, it is not easy to measure the shame that would cover the Church if she fell short of that burning devotion, that unresting labour and battle by which we have, in our own day, seen Lenin against inconceivable odds achieve the impossible for the dominion of Bolshevism.

A world rent with national antagonisms and riven with class-conflict, threatened by the tyranny of materialism and with the very foundations of ordered life sagging in the East as well as in the West, looks for a new Master-Word to control its life. It wants power to heal its divisions, to be



freed from its servitudes and to build ordered peace on earth. Those who believe that in Christ is that Master-Word ; those who, gathered from all peoples, are children of one Father redeemed by His Son ; those who are fed by one Fellowship and share the same eternal life, are summoned to enthrone those values in all life. They are not called to defend or to repair the existing order ; but to discover Christ's values and build them into a new and living world-order. They are called to break down with remorseless love the walls of class and race and nation, to love their world neighbours as themselves, and, above all, to sow in all lands the seed of the Kingdom of God that has proved its power to strike root in every soil and to grow immortal fruit in every climate.

One day I was on an ancient bridge under which the Yarmuk river brawls down to join the Jordan not far from where John baptized Jesus. The sound of what seemed a shepherd's pipe playing a plaintive air was heard farther up the bank. Looking in that direction, I saw a tall Arab boy strolling along with a flute at his lips, and behind him trotted a small donkey bearing two young girls. After salutations the boy handed me his flute.

It was half a gun barrel.

As he watched his sheep on the hill-side this boy had found a rifle left by some combatant killed on those hills in the great war. He had filed it in two and then perforated it. Now he is using it to

interpret beauty and give joy to his sisters, to his tribe around the Bedouin camp fire, and that day he set it to his lips to rejoice foreigners of another race enjoying the hospitality of his land. The instrument of death made by modern mechanical science for the last war has become, in the hands of youth, an instrument of peace. An insignificant thing in itself. Yes. But a modern symbol of the ancient prophecy which, at long last, can be fulfilled in our generation on a world scale, that

*They shall beat their swords into ploughshares,  
And their spears into pruning hooks.*

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